

A SAILOR BOY WITH DEWEY

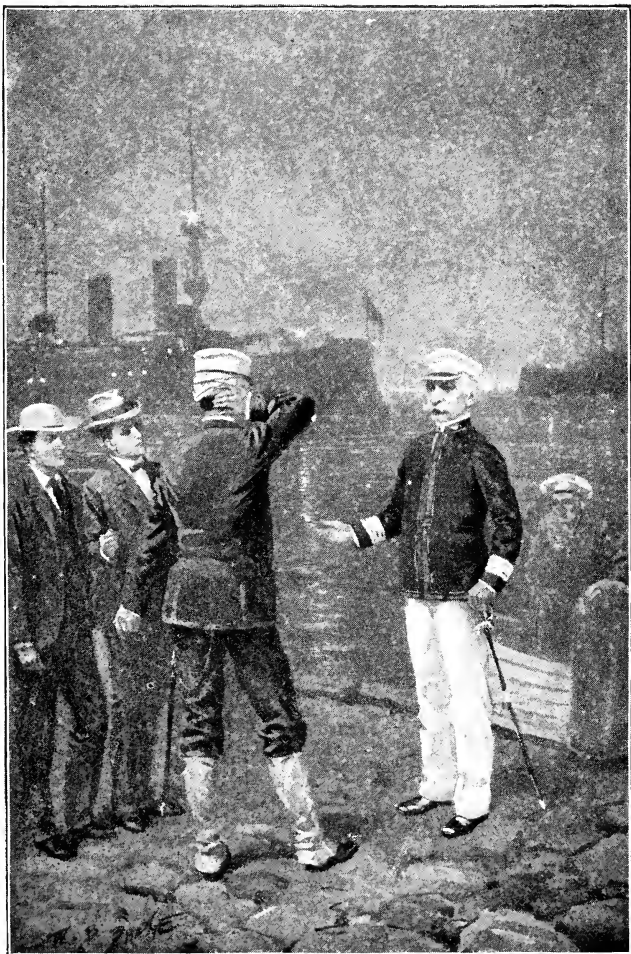
FLAG OF
FREEDOM
SERIES



By CAPTAIN RALPH BONFILL

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Book 2145



"YOU MUST BE MORE CAREFUL IN THE FUTURE," SAID COMMODORE DEWEY. "WE CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE ANY MEN **JUST NOW.**"

A SAILOR BOY WITH DEWEY

OR

AFLOAT IN THE PHILIPPINES

BY

CAPTAIN RALPH BONEHILL

AUTHOR OF "WHEN SANTIAGO FELL," "OFF FOR HAWAII,"
"GUN AND SLED," "RIVAL BICYCLISTS," "YOUNG
OARSMEN OF LAKEVIEW," "LEO, THE
CIRCUS BOY," ETC.



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NEW YORK, N. Y.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

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PREFACE.

"A Sailor Boy with Dewey," while a complete story in itself, forms the second volume of a line of works issued under the general title of the "Flag of Freedom Series."

In writing this tale of adventure I had in mind to acquaint our boys with something of the strange sights and scenes which come to light daily in Uncle Sam's new possessions in the far East, or far West, as you will. The Philippines are but little understood by the average reader, and if I have served to make the picture of them a little clearer my object will have been accomplished.

Some may argue that the adventures introduced in the volume are overdrawn, but I can assure all that the incidents are underdrawn rather than otherwise. Many savage and barbarous natives still inhabit the Philippines, and to bring these people to genuine civilization will take many years of patient labor and encouragement. In the past Spain had accomplished something, but not much; what our own nation will do remains still to be seen. Let us hope for the best.

Again thanking my young friends for the kindness with which they have perused my stories in the past, I place this book in their hands with my best wishes for their future welfare.

CAPTAIN RALPH BONEHILL.

April 15, 1899.

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A SAILOR BOY WITH DEWEY

CHAPTER I.

OFF FOR MANILA BAY.

"What do you think of this storm, Oliver?"

"I think it is going to be a heavy one, Dan," I answered. "Just look at those black clouds rolling up from the southeast. We'll catch it before midnight."

"Just what I think," answered my chum, Dan Holbrook. "Where is Captain Kenny?"

"Where he always is, in his cabin, more than half intoxicated. I tell you, Dan, I would never have taken passage on the *Dart* had I known what sort of a man Captain Kenny was. Why, our lives are not safe in his hands."

"Humph! I don't know as they are safe out of his hands, Oliver," returned Dan, with a toss of his handsome head. "Since we left China we've struck two heavy hurricanes,—perhaps that coming on will finish us."

"Gracious! don't say that!" I cried, with a

shiver. "We don't want to be finished—at least, I don't."

"Neither do I. But when a storm comes, it comes, that is all there is to it."

"True, but we might do something toward meeting it," I went on, with a grave shake of my head, for I did not altogether like Dan's light-hearted way of looking at things. "In my opinion Captain Kenny ought to be on deck this instant, watching this storm."

"Supposing you tell him that?"

"I've a good mind to."

"You'll get a belaying pin over your head, as Dawson, the mate, got. Captain Kenny is not a man to be talked to. He is bad enough when he is sober, and when he isn't he is simply terrible."

"But he has no right to imperil the lives of twenty or more people by his drunkenness," I rejoined warmly. "If I had my way, I'd put the captain in irons and place Dawson in command of the *Dart*. He knows enough to keep sober, and——"

"Ye would do thet, would ye?" roared a hoarse voice at my shoulder, and turning swiftly I found myself confronted by Captain Kenny. "I'll teach ye how to talk ag'in the master o' this vessel, an' don't ye forgit it!" And he grabbed me by the arm.

Captain Kenny's face was as red as a beet. Usually it was far from being handsome, now it was positively hideous. His breath was heavily laden with the odor of rum, showing that he had been imbibing more than usual.

I was a boy of sixteen, tall and strong for my age. I was not a poor, down-trodden lad, knocking about from pillar to post, trying to earn my living. My father, Samuel Raymond, was a rich merchant of San Francisco, owning interests in several lines of trade, with offices at San Francisco, Hong Kong, Manila in the Philippine Islands, and several other points.

Just six months before I had graduated at a business college in California. As I was to follow my father into trade, it was not thought worth while to give me a term at the University, or any similar institute of learning. Instead, my father called me into his library and said to me:

"Oliver, I believe you understand that you are to go into business with me."

"I do, sir," had been my reply. "I wish for nothing better."

"Usually I do not believe in letting boys remain idle after their school days are over, but in this case I think an exception should be made. You have worked hard, and come out at the top

of your class. You deserve a good, long holiday. How will you take it?"

To answer this question puzzled me at first, for I knew I had the whole world before me. I had been as far east as New York and as far south as St. Louis, and had even taken a trip on Lake Michigan. I concluded that I had gone eastward far enough.

"If it's all the same, I'll go to Hong Kong and get acquainted with our branch out there," was my answer, and the use of the words, "our branch," made my father laugh.

"That will suit me exactly," was his return. "You shall go from San Francisco direct to Hong Kong, and you can return by way of the Philippines and see how our place of business is doing at Manila. The place at Manila is running down—the Spaniards are doing their best to drive us out altogether, and if you can see any way of improving conditions, now or later on, so much the better."

In less than two weeks I was ready to start, but I did not leave home even then as quickly as did my father, who received word which took him to the east and then to Cuba. What happened to my parent in Cuba has been excellently told by my friend, Mark Carter, in his story which has been printed under the title of "When Santiago Fell." At that time I did not know

Mark at all, but since then we have become very intimately acquainted, as my readers will soon learn.

The voyage from the Golden Gate to Hong Kong was made without anything unusual happening. On landing at the Chinese-English port I was immediately met by Dan Holbrook, whose father was one of my parent's partners. Dan had put in two years at Hong Kong and the vicinity, and he took me around, and talked Chinese for me whenever it was required.

At last came the time when I thought I ought to think of returning to San Francisco by way of Manila, or at least to run over to the Philippines and back and then start for home. "If only you could go to Manila with me!" had been my words to Dan, to whom I was warmly attached.

"I will go," had been the ready answer, which surprised me not a little. Soon I learned that Dan had been talking the matter over with his father and mother. Mr. Holbrook was as anxious as my father to have the business connection at Manila improved, and he thought that both of us ought to be able to do something, even though I was but a boy and Dan was scarcely a young man.

Manila, the principal city of the Philippines, is located but four or five days' sail from Hong

Kong and there is a regular service of steamers between the two ports. But both Dan and I had seen a good deal of ocean travel on steamers, and we decided to make the trip to Manila Bay in a sailing craft, and, accordingly, took passage on the *Dart*, a three-masted schooner, carrying a miscellaneous cargo for Manila, Iloilo, and other points.

When we secured our berths we did not see Captain Kenny, only the first and second mates of the vessel. Had we seen the captain with his tough-looking and bloated face, it is quite likely that we would have endeavored to secure passage to the Philippines elsewhere.

Yet for several days all went well. The weather was not all that it should have been, for we were sailing in a portion of our globe where hurricanes and earthquakes are of frequent occurrence. Our course had been set directly for Corregidor Island at the entrance to Manila Bay, but it had begun to blow harder and harder, we drove up in the direction of Subig Bay.

The weather kept growing fouler and fouler, and with this Captain Kenny gave himself over to liquor until he was totally unfit to command the *Dart*. He was a man to allow sails to be set when they should have been furled, and already had he lost one sheet through his foolishness.

The mate, Tom Dawson, was a first-rate fel-

low, as kind and considerate as the captain was rough and brutal. How he had shipped with such a beast was a mystery, but it did not concern me and I did not bother my head about it. On three occasions I had seen the captain attack Dawson, but each time the mate had escaped and refused to take up the quarrel. In the meantime the second mate and the men grumbled a good deal, but so far no open rupture had occurred among the forecastle hands.

“You let go of that arm,” I said, as I found Captain Kenny’s harsh face poked out close to my cheek.

“I’ll let go when I’m done with you, not afore!” he went on, with increasing wrath. “Call me a drunkard, will ye!” And he gave the arm a savage twist that hurt not a little. “On board o’ my own ship, too!”

“If I did I only spoke the truth,” I said steadily. “You drink altogether too much for the good of those on board. We are going to have a big storm soon, and you ought to have your wits about you, if you want to save the *Dart* from going down.”

“I know my business, boy—ye can’t teach it me nohow! Take thet fer talkin’ to me in this fashion!”

Releasing my arm, he aimed a heavy blow at

my head. But I was on the alert and dodged, and the blow nearly carried the irate skipper off his feet. Then, as he came on again, I shoved him backward, and down he went in a heap on the deck.

"By Jove, now you've done it!" whispered Dan.

"I don't care, it serves him right," I answered. "He had no right to touch me."

"That's true. But you must remember that a captain is king on his own deck, on the high seas."

"A brute can never be a king—and make me submit, Dan."

By this time Captain Kenny was scrambling up, his face full of rage. Instantly he made for me again.

"I'll teach ye!" he screamed. "You good-fer-nuthin landlubber! I've had it in fer ye ever since ye took passage. Maybe my ship aint good enough fer ye! If thet's so, I'll pitch ye overboard!" And he tried to grab me once more.

But now Dan stepped between us. "Captain Kenny, you let Raymond alone," he ordered sternly.

"I won't—he's called me a drunkard, and—"

"He told the truth. You attend to your business and we'll attend to ours."

"I'll—I'll put him in irons. He shan't talk so afore my crew!" fumed the captain.

"You shan't touch him."

"Shan't I?" The half-drunken man glared at both of us. Then he backed away, shaking his fist. "Just wait a minute and I'll show you a trick or two—just wait!" And still shaking his fist, he reeled off to the companion way, almost fell down the stairs, and disappeared into the cabin.

CHAPTER II.

THE COLLISION IN THE HURRICANE.

“Now, what is he going to do?” I murmured, turning to my companion.

“Something out of the ordinary, that’s certain,” answered Dan. “He has just enough in him to be thoroughly ugly.”

“I don’t believe he’ll let this matter drop, storm or no storm.”

“Not he, Oliver. I’m afraid we have got ourselves into a scrape. I wish we were in sight of Manila.”

“So do I. But I haven’t done anything wrong. Somebody ought to tell the man that he is drinking too much, Dan.”

At that instant Dawson, the mate, came up. He had been standing behind the mainmast and had heard every word uttered. His face showed plainly that he was greatly troubled.

“This is too bad,” he observed. “The cap’n bad enough, but you have made him wuss, ten times over, lads.”

“He hasn’t any right to drink, Dawson.”

“We won’t talk about thet—seein’ as how

he's in command and I'm only the fust mate. I'm sorry you quarreled, with the end o' the voyage almost in sight."

"What will he do?" put in Dan.

"I dunno. Drink more, I reckon, an' then come up twict as ugly."

"What about this storm that is coming up?" I questioned.

"I notified him of that half an hour ago."

"And he didn't pay any attention? It's a shame! I don't want to go to the bottom of the China Sea, whether the captain drinks or not."

"None o' us want to go to the bottom, lad. But then——" Tom Dawson ended with a shrug of his shoulders. He realized more than I did what a responsibility would rest upon him did he dare to issue orders contrary to Captain Kenny's wishes.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon, and the day had been unusually oppressive, even for this latitude, which, as most of my readers must know, never boasts of cold weather, but can easily break the record for scorchers. During the morning, when the sun had shone, the seams of the deck had run with tar, and no one had exposed himself more than was absolutely necessary. But now the sun was hidden by clouds that kept growing darker and darker, and

the wind was so strong it could not be otherwise than refreshing.

Captain Kenny had left positive orders that the main and mizzen courses be left as they were, fully set, and both sheets were straining and tugging as though ready to lift the two masts out of their resting places. The forecourse had been taken in, also the jib, but so far this had had no effect on the riding of the *Dart*, and she dipped her nose into every fourth or fifth wave that came along.

"If I was you I'd take in more sail," remarked Dan, after a pause. "Even if you don't lose a mast, you're running the risk of opening more than one seam. If we founder——"

He did not finish, for at that moment Captain Kenny's head reappeared above the combing of the companion way. He came staggering toward us with his right hand in his jacket pocket and a sickly grin on his unshaven face.

"Now we'll come to terms," he began, with a hiccough.

"Captain Kenny, how about that mainsail?" interrupted the mate. "The wind is freshening rapidly, sir."

"I'll take care o' the—hic—mainsail, when I'll through which these—hic—young rascals," was the answer. "Yarson! Carden!" he bawled out. "Come here, you're wanted."

At once two of the sailors, a Swede and an American, came aft and touched their forelocks.

"Do you know what I'm—hic—going to do?" went on the captain, closing one eye suggestively. "I'm going to place both of you under arrest until we arrive at Manila."

"Arrest!" cried Dan and I simultaneously.

"You shall not arrest me," I added, and my companion said something very similar.

"I said—hic—arrest, and I mean it. Throw up your hands, both of you."

"I refuse to obey the order."

"Do you know that I am the—hic—commander of this ship?"

"You are when you are sober," returned Dan.

"I am sober now—I never get—hic—drunk. I place you under arrest. Yarson, Carden, conduct the two passengers to the—hic—brig and lock 'em in."

"Keep your hands off!" I exclaimed. "Don't you dare to touch me!"

"And don't you dare to touch me," added Dan.

We had scarcely spoken than Captain Kenny withdrew his right hand from his pocket and showed us the muzzle of a revolver.

"You'll—hic—obey or take the consequences," he hiccoughed. "I'm a peaceful man

until I'm aroused, and then——" Another hic-cough ended the sentence.

I must say that I was both alarmed and disgusted, but my disgust was greater than my alarm, for I knew I had right on my side and was willing to wager that in his present condition Captain Kenny could not hit the broadside of a barn, excepting by accident.

The two sailors advanced, but they came on slowly, evidently having no relish for the job at hand. When the Swede attempted to take hold of me I flung him off.

"Stand back!" I said, and at the same time Dan motioned Carden to keep his distance.

"Are you going to do as I ordered?" fumed the captain.

"I vos reatty to opey orders, captain," said Yarson.

"So am I, cap'n, if you say it's all right," added Carden.

"It is all—hic—right. Arrest 'em—arrest 'em on the spot!" vociferated the skipper of the *Dart*.

"You keep your distance," I ordered. "If you don't it will be the worse for you."

"The first man who touches me will get knocked down," said Dan, and caught up a marline spike which hung by the mast.

"Captain, I think we really ought to look to

those sails," pleaded Dawson, taking hold of his chief's arm. "It won't do to lose 'em, you know."

"Didn't I say I'd take care of 'em when I'm—hic—through with these fellows?" was the surly return. "Stand back, Dawson!" and now the captain rushed forward and leveled his pistol at my head. "You march to the brig, and be quick about it, or I'll——"

What Captain Kenny would have done, had I refused to march as ordered, I never learned, for while he was speaking Dan made a rush forward and caught the pistol from his hand and sent him flat on his back, in the bargain. Then my companion stepped to my side, and both of us backed up toward the companion way.

For fully a minute Captain Kenny lay where he had fallen, nobody caring to go to his assistance. Then he cried loudly to the sailors to help him get up, and they did so. In the meantime Tom Dawson stood by, scratching his head in perplexity.

"Captain, we must attend to the sails," he began, when there came a sudden puff of air, and the *Dart* seemed to fairly stand up on ends. I had to catch hold of the companion way rail to keep from falling, and Dan held on, too. Captain Kenny collapsed and went sliding into the mainmast, and then toward the lee rail.

"Save me!" he yelled, when he felt that he could not help himself. "Save me!" And Dawson and the American sailor immediately ran to his assistance.

It was all I could do now to save myself from being thrown down the companion way, and for the time being I lost interest in Captain Kenny. "This is awful!" I said to Dan. "I believe we are in for another hurricane."

"The fools ought to take in every rag of canvas," was the reply. "Tom Dawson hasn't any backbone, or he'd take matters in his own hands."

"Let us go below," I went on, as a wave swept the deck, drenching us both. "There is no use of remaining here."

Dan tumbled down the companion way and into the cabin, and I came after him, stumbling over an empty rum bottle which was rolling over the floor. From the cabin we went to our stateroom, to see that the port was tightly closed.

"I think I'll keep this pistol until we reach Manila," observed my companion. "You know I haven't any weapon of my own. I wish I had some extra cartridges."

"Perhaps the caliber of my pistol is the same as Captain Kenny's weapon," I suggested, and produced my little six-shooter. Both pistols

used the same size of cartridge, and I divided a box of those articles between us, and shoved my share and my revolver in my pocket.

We now heard a hurried tramping on deck, and soon the creaking of blocks as the main and mizzen courses came down on the run. Soon every rag of canvas was furled, this being done by Dawson's directions, as I afterward learned, Captain Kenny having been knocked partly unconscious by his tumble upon the lee rail.

A half hour went by, a time that to Dan and I seemed an age. The *Dart* tumbled and tossed, and it was all we could do to keep from having our brains dashed out against the stateroom walls.

"We would have done much better had we taken a steamer to Manila," I remarked, when the hurricane seemed to be at its height. "If we get out of this storm we have still our row with the captain to be settled up."

"Never mind, Oliver, we ought to reach Manila in a couple of days. If the captain attempts to arrest us again, I'll give him warning that I'll have him up before the court at the first landing we make."

"He ought to have his vessel taken away from him. Do you suppose the owners would keep him in command if they knew of his habits?"

"As it happens he owns a one-fourth interest in the *Dart*, and his contract says he shall be skipper, so Dawson told me," answered Dan. "I'll wager Dawson will have a story to tell when he comes below. My, what a sea must be running!" And my companion swung forward and back with the motion of the schooner. "And see how dark it is getting!"

It was so gloomy we could scarcely see each other. It had now begun to lighten and thunder, while the rain came down in perfect sheets. We huddled together, as if feeling instinctively that something out of the ordinary was about to occur.

And it did occur a moment later. A clap of thunder had just rolled away when there came a cry from the deck, so appalling that it could be distinctly heard above the fury of the elements.

"Ship, ahoy! Don't run us down!"

The cry was followed by a tearing, grinding, sickening crash that I shall never forget. The crash threw me headlong and I lay at Dan's feet for several seconds, completely dazed.

CHAPTER III.

IN WHICH DAN AND I BECOME SEPARATED.

"We are struck, Oliver, get up!"

"Oh, my head!" I groaned, for I had struck the stateroom wall a blow by no means gentle.

"We must get on deck!" urged my companion. "We have run into another ship and may be sinking!"

Collecting my scattered senses as best I could, I arose and caught Dan by the arm. Soon we were mounting the companion-way stairs, two steps at a time. As we emerged into the open the downpour of rain and flying spray nearly drowned us.

A vivid flash of lightning lit up the scene, and looking to port we saw a big Chinese vessel bearing away, with a broken bowsprit and a big hole in her side, well forward. We also saw that our own deck was filled with fallen rigging and wooden splinters.

"Sound the pumps!" was the cry, coming from Tom Dawson. "Quigley, see if you can make out the damage"—the last words to the ship's carpenter.

"We got it pretty heavily," gasped Dan, who was about as much winded as myself. "Pray heaven we may outride the shock and the storm."

Several sailors had sprung to the pumps and were pumping up sea water in great quantities. "A foot and four inches," cried one. "And gaining rapidly!" he announced, a minute later.

Those last words caused every cheek to blanch. For the time there was almost a panic. But now Tom Dawson showed what was really in him.

"Keep your wits about you, men!" he called out. "We may yet be able to stop the leak and pump her out. Keep to the work for all you are worth!" And the men at the pumps obeyed, while the mate hurried forward to obtain the carpenter's report.

It was soon forthcoming. The blow had been so severe that a gaping hole, four feet in diameter, had been stove in the *Dart's* bow. It was partly above and partly below the water line, but in such a sea the water was coming in by the hundreds of gallons at every lurch of the schooner.

"I'll try to stop it up," said Quigley, but shook his head as he spoke. "You had better order the small boats out, and stock 'em with water and grub," and he ran off.

By this time Captain Kenny was up once more, but in his condition could do little but find fault and use language not fit to transcribe to these pages. Once he tried to take the command from Tom Dawson, but the mate would not listen.

"We're sinking, Captain Kenny," said Dawson. "I must do what I can for the men and myself."

"Sinking!" gasped the unreasonable one. "Sinking!"

"Yes, sinking. Keep your wits about you or you'll go to Davy Jones' locker," concluded Tom Dawson. His remarks so frightened the captain that he ran to the cabin, there to plunder his trunks and lockers in a drunken and vain effort to stow what he owned of value about his person.

The carpenter was as good as his word, but although he labored manfully and had all the aid that could be used, the water could not be stopped from coming in. The shock had opened up half a dozen seams and the water in the hold had reached four feet and a half.

"She can't stand that!" cried Dan, as he heard the announcement. "She'll go to the bottom inside of a quarter of an hour. Oliver, we are lost, unless we get into one of the small boats."

"The life-preservers!" I ejaculated. "Let us each get one of those on, if nothing else!" and I led the way to where the articles were stored. While we were adjusting them, the mate passed us.

"That's right," he cried. "You two shall go in our boat. We'll leave in about five minutes, if we can catch the sea right." And then he disappeared from sight once more.

I must confess that my heart was in my throat, and Dan has since told me that he felt just as awed. "Come down and get what we must have," he whispered hoarsely, and once again we tumbled below to our stateroom, passing Captain Kenny as he tore around his cabin like a man bereft of his reason.

"You are responsible for this!" he growled. "If it hadn't been for you no accident would have happened." For a wonder, his fright had quite sobered him, even though he was half crazy as before mentioned.

There was not much to get, for we knew that trunks or even traveling bags would not be taken into the small boats. I donned a little extra clothing and was about to get out my money belt, containing some gold and silver and a draft on a Manila banking institution, when a call from above reached us.

"To the boats! To the boats!" came the cry from the deck, and a scurry of footsteps followed. Grabbing each other by the hand we leaped for the companion way, to find our passage blocked by Captain Kenny.

"Let us up!" cried Dan, and tried to get past the man, but the captain merely shoved him back.

"I'm the one to go—you can stay here, hang ye!" he hissed.

"Stay here? Not much!" I burst out, and catching him by the legs, I shot him up on deck as if he had been fired from a spring gun. He tried to turn and strike me, but I avoided the blow with ease.

The *Dart* had now settled so much that every wave washed her deck from stem to stern. "Look out, or you'll go down!" roared Dan in my ear, but the caution was not needed, for I was already exercising all the care possible in making my way to the boat Tom Dawson was to command.

There were four small craft and twenty of us all told. This gave five persons to a boat, the first being in command of Captain Kenny, the second in command of Tom Dawson, while the second mate and the boatswain had the others under their care.

"I reckon you two want to keep together," said Dawson, as we reached his side. "I can't blame you, but——"

"Don't put those two landlubbers in one boat!" roared Captain Kenny. "It's bad enough to have 'em at all. Put one in your boat and one in Brown's," indicating the second mate.

"Oh, can't we go together?" I whispered to Dawson.

"We ought to have at least four experienced sailors in each boat," was the mate's reply. "Do as the captain commanded, and we'll see if we can't keep the small boats together."

And with this he shoved Dan into his own boat and turned me back to join the party under Watt Brown, the second mate.

My heart now beat more painfully than ever. "Good-by, Dan, if we don't meet again!" I said huskily.

"Good-by, Oliver," he answered. "Oh, if only we could go together!" And then we parted in the darkness, and I scuttled for the boat that was already awaiting me.

How we ever got over the *Dart's* side and away from the settling schooner I cannot describe to this day. Amid the roar of thunder and the flashing of lightning, the small boat was swung out. Three sailors were at the oars, while

the mate stood ready with a hatchet to cut the davit ropes. Down we went, to strike the rolling sea with a resounding smack that almost pitched me overboard. "Steady now! Pull! pull!" came the command, and away the sailors pulled, while a bit of rope snapped down and hit me across the cheek, nearly blinding me. For the next few minutes I felt as if I was roller-coasting up one mountain side and down another.

When I was able to look around me another flash of lightning lit up the scene. Behind us rested the *Dart*, well over on her port side, as though getting ready to take her final plunge beneath the waves of the sea. To the left of us was one small boat and to the right the others.

"Are we away all right?" I asked of the second mate.

"Can't say—yet," was his laconic answer, and I felt that he did not wish to be questioned further. I wanted to aid in handling the boat, but was not allowed to do anything. "Just wait, lad, your time may come," said one of the sailors grimly, and I shuddered, for I knew what he meant—that it might be many a weary day before we would sight land, if land were sighted at all. Perhaps that very sea upon which we were riding would prove our open grave.

Five minutes passed in painful suspense and

then the lightning lit up the firmament again. "Look! look!" yelled Watt Brown, and at the sound of the second mate's voice all in the boat turned, to see one of the craft to our starboard founder beneath a curling wave that looked higher than a six-story office building.

"What boat is that?" I cried.

"Don't know exactly, but it looked like Tom Dawson's," was the answer, which almost prostrated me. Was it possible that Dan had been lost thus quickly?

"Won't you try to pick them up?" I went on, when I could speak. "Surely you won't forsake them!"

"We'll try it,—but it's wuss nor looking for a pin in a haystack," was the second mate's reply. "To starboard, boys, but don't get caught under a capper, or it will be all up with us." And then our own craft veered around and moved slowly and painfully over the billows to the spot where the other small boat had gone down.

CHAPTER IV.

THE RESCUE OF THE UNWORTHY ONE.

I was in a tremble of excitement, and for the moment forgot all about my own peril. Since coming to the far East, or West, as you will, I had become greatly attached to Dan Holbrook; indeed he seemed like a brother to me. If he was lost, what would I do, even if we were fortunate to reach some part of the Island of Luzon, upon which the city of Manila is located?

But a treacherous wave, mountain-high, brought me to a sudden realization of my own condition. "Hold hard!" I heard Watt Brown yell, and I held to the seat with all of my might, and this was all that prevented me from being swept overboard.

We had shipped a good deal of water, and I was ordered to bail out the small craft, while the sailors continued at the oars, assisted by the second mate. There was a big dipper handy and I think I can truthfully say that I never worked harder in my life than I did then, meanwhile continuing to hold on with one hand.

It was fully ten minutes ere we reached the

locality where the small boat had foundered. In the meanwhile flash after flash of lightning had lit up the scene, showing the *Dart* far to the northward, driving rapidly before the fury of the storm. But at last distance and the steady downpour of rain hid the vessel from view, and we could not tell if she sunk or not.

"A man!" It was the second mate who uttered the words, and a head bobbed up just alongside of our bow. At once the mate dropped his oar and seized the individual by his hair. Then he caught hold of an arm and in a trice the fellow was on board, where he fell in a heap at the bottom of our craft. It was Captain Kenny.

"The captain's boat," observed Watt Brown, and I breathed a long sigh of relief, thinking that Dan might yet be safe. "I wonder if Yarson, Betts, Camar, and Dilwoddy are floating around?"

He referred to the four sailors that had accompanied the captain in the first boat. Standing up as best he could, he waited for another flash of lightning and gazed around hurriedly. Not another soul was in sight.

"They are gone, I am afraid," he murmured. "Keep her head up, lads, and I'll take another look."

"Never mind the others," growled Captain

Kenny, struggling to a seat. "We must save ourselves. Pull on, or we'll be swamped."

"You wretch!" I cried indignantly. "Supposing we had left you to shift for yourself?"

"Shut up, boy, or——"

"The lad is right, captain," interrupted Watt Brown. "It was no more to us to save you than it is to save Betts and the rest. Remember, the *Dart* has been abandoned and now one man is as good as another."

"Do you mean to say I am not still in command?" roared Captain Kenny in a fury that was positively silly.

"No, you're not!" spoke up one of the men at the oars. "Sit still, or I'll be in for heaving you overboard again," and this was said so harshly that the captain sunk back without another word.

The long hours of the night which followed were filled with an anxiety which words cannot describe. The sailors at the oars could do nothing but keep the small boat head up to the waves and at times they became so exhausted, as the sea ran stronger and stronger, that more than one was ready to drop in a faint. I took an oar for two hours and then had to relinquish the blade, for fear it would be torn from my grasp and lost.

It was about five o'clock in the morning when

the hurricane abated. As is usual in this locality, the storm let up as quickly as it had gathered. The rain stopped and the wind dropped all in a few minutes, and in less than an hour the sun was shining down upon us from a cloudless sky. The sea, however, still ran dangerously high.

"Do you see anything?" I asked of the second mate, as he balanced himself on one of the middle seats and took a careful look about the horizon.

"Nothing," was his disheartening answer. "Not a sail or a small boat in sight."

"Then the other boats must be lost," and my heart sank again.

"Perhaps not. The wind during the night may have carried us miles apart."

We knew we must be a good distance from land, but we also knew that we were somewhere to the westward of Luzon, so the only thing to do was to steer a course due east and trust to sight the shore before our provisions gave out.

We had on board but two articles, a keg of ship's biscuits and a keg of water. Several other things had been put into the small craft, but these had either been washed overboard or ruined by the salt water which I had bailed out.

"By close economy we can make the biscuits last three days, and the water about as long," announced the second mate. "We ought to make

shore long before that time expires." And he proceeded to deal out a breakfast of two biscuits and one cup of water to each person.

"I want more than two biscuits and I am bound to have them!" cried Captain Kenny and leaped for the biscuit keg. But instantly Watt Brown and two of the sailors confronted him, one with an upraised oar, and again he subsided. After that all of the others watched him carefully.

As I have said, the sea still ran high, and we soon learned that to steer in a due east course was impossible. We had to head to the north-east and at times almost due north.

"This will take us a good many miles to the north of Manila Bay, even if we strike shore," observed Watt Brown to me. "I calkerlate we are already some miles north of Subig Bay."

"Well, I hardly care where we land, if only we escape the sea," I returned. "I have no desire to fill a watery grave, as Betts and the others have done."

"I think we are safe on making shore—providing we don't strike another hurricane, Raymond." Then the second mate leaned close to me. "Watch out for the captain, he has it in for you," he whispered. "He's a bad man when he's got a spell on."

"I'll be on my guard," I replied. I almost

wished we had saved somebody else in place of the unreasonable skipper of the *Dart*.

The morning passed away slowly. By eleven o'clock the sun was almost directly overhead and it was so hot that all craved a shelter that could not be had. The cup of water dealt out at noon seemed pitifully small, but nobody but the captain complained, understanding only too well what the horrors of thirst would be should our supply give out.

Toward night another storm came up, principally of wind. Again the waves increased in height, sending us up to a very mountain top one moment and then letting us down into a gigantic hollow which looked ready to engulf us forever. We still drove northward at a rate of ten to twelve miles an hour.

Having had no sleep for forty-eight hours I was utterly worn out, and when the storm let up a bit, sometime after midnight, I sank in a bunch on my seat and closed my eyes. "It's all right, catch a nap if you can," said the second mate. Soon I was sleeping as soundly as if in my bed at home, although disturbed by the wildest of dreams.

I awoke with a start, to find a firm hand on my shoulder and Captain Kenny glaring into my face. "You're to be number two, lad!" he hissed. "We'll save the water and biscuits for a

better mouth!" And then he lifted me up and attempted to hurl me into the sea!

For the fraction of a second my tongue was too paralyzed to utter a sound; then I let out an ear-splitting yell that brought Watt Brown and one of the sailors to my immediate aid. "Let go of me!" I cried. "He wants to heave me overboard!"

"Let him alone!" commanded Brown, and hauled Captain Kenny backward. The sailor hit him a heavy crack on the head, and down went the captain on the boat's bottom unconscious.

"I told ye to be watchful of him," said the second mate, when it was all over. "If Captain Kenny is your enemy onct he's your enemy allers, don't forget that."

"He said something to me about being number two," I said. "What did he—a man is gone!"

I had glanced around hastily, to discover that one of the oar hands was missing. Watt Brown followed my gaze.

"Garwell!" murmured the second mate. His face grew dark, and in justifiable indignation he leaped to where Captain Kenny lay and shook the unconscious man vigorously. "Where is Garwell!" he cried out. "Tell me, captain, or I'll pitch ye overboard! Where is Garwell?"

CHAPTER V.

CAST ASHORE ON LUZON.

To Watt Brown's vigorous questioning Captain Kenny returned not a word. Either he was still unconscious or he had recovered and come to the conclusion that he had best remain quiet and answer nothing. The mate had caught the captain up, now he flung him down on the hard bottom of the boat as one unworthy of being touched. "I'll settle with him later," he muttered and shut his teeth hard, for the missing man had been one of his best friends.

"Hadn't we better stay around here until daylight and look for Garwell?" asked Sandram, the sailor who had used his fist so effectually upon Captain Kenny's skull.

"Yes," said the second mate. "Poor Garwell! He was a fine fellow."

"None better, Brown," put in Vincent, the second sailor. "Captain Kenny will have a score to settle when this ill-fated cruise comes to an end."

Slowly the remainder of the night dragged by. With the coming of daylight we gazed around

eagerly for the body of Garwell and for the other small boats. Nothing came to light but the bluish-green and never-quiet sea, which rose and fell to the edge of the horizon.

"I want water," was Captain Kenny's demand, as he roused up while the scanty breakfast was being dealt out.

"Not a drop until you account for Garwell," returned Watt Brown.

"Account for Garwell? What do you mean?"

"You know well enough. You heaved the poor man overboard."

"I did not," roared the captain, but his tell-tale face belied his words. "This is a put-up job against me. Give me the water."

A wordy war followed. Captain Kenny would confess nothing, but that he was guilty there could be no doubt. All that the second mate would allow him was one biscuit and half a cupful of the water, now so warm it was scarcely palatable. The captain continued to grumble, but it availed him nothing, and at last he had to stop, for all of us threatened to send him forth as food for the fishes.

The second day was coming to an end when far to the eastward we heard a curious booming sound, not unlike a cannonading at a distance.

"What is that?" I questioned.

"It's the surf, lad!" cried the second mate. "It's rolling up on a shore or over a hidden reef."

"I hope it's ashore. Any kind of land in preference to this never-ending sea," I said. "Can you see anything?"

I asked the latter question, for Watt Brown was already on his feet. Now Vincent followed, and both gazed eastward a long time.

"I think I see something," announced the second mate. "But it looks like smoke more than anything."

"It is smoke, blowing from off shore," put in Vincent. "We must be about ten miles from land."

This announcement filled us with hope, and all, even Captain Kenny, took their turns at the oars with renewed vigor. Inside of an hour the booming of the surf could be heard quite distinctly, while some of the smoke the others had noticed floated almost overhead.

"I see land!" was the second mate's welcome cry presently. "There is a long, low-lying shore and a mountain behind it. We must be at least a hundred miles north of Subig Bay."

We continued to pull until the land could be seen with ease. There was a wide stretch of sandy beach, backed up by tall rocks and a heavy

tropical growth. In the distance the mountain loomed up, surrounded by a veil-like mist.

"To port!" cried Watt Brown. "The breakers are too heavy here!" And we moved up the coast for a quarter of a mile further. Here there was something of a bay and the breakers came to an end. Nearer and nearer we crept to land until the first row of stately palms could be seen with ease. The mate was on the watch, and finally ordered us to port again, and five minutes later, we shot past a tiny coral reef and into the bay mentioned. Here the boat ran up upon the sands, and, throwing down our oars, we all leaped out and hauled her up still further.

"Thank God we're safe!" murmured Watt Brown, and took off his cap reverently. I did the same, and offered up a silent prayer for my safe deliverance from the perils of the deep.

The bay we had entered was pear-shaped and probably five hundred feet deep by a hundred and fifty feet wide. The sandy beach at either side was many yards wide, but at the inner end the rocks and trees overhung the water. From a tropical standpoint it was an ideal spot for a painter, and I could not help but take in its beauty, even at such a trying time as this. Captain Kenny, however, "stuck up his nose" at it.

"A regular jungle," he snorted. "We can't live here."

"Then you had better take to the water again," returned Watt Brown sharply. "You haven't got to stay with us, you know." And this again silenced the unreasonable man for the time being.

It was decided that Vincent should walk up the shore on the lookout for the other boats, while Sandram was to skirt the bay and try his luck in the opposite direction. In the meantime the captain, second mate, and myself were to do what we could toward building a fire and finding something to eat beside ship's biscuits.

"You go find something to eat," grumbled Captain Kenny to Watt Brown and me, and threw himself under the nearest tree to rest.

"All right, we'll go," answered the second mate. "But remember, Kenny, if you haven't got a good fire started for us when we come back, so we can cook whatever we find, you'll not partake of our supper." And with this pointed remark Brown withdrew and I followed.

"He's a beast," I said, when we were out of hearing. "I would rather have Ah Sid in the crowd."

Ah Sid had been the *Dart's* cook, a little dried-up Chinaman, but a fellow who had always tried to make himself agreeable.

"If he doesn't behave himself I'll bounce him out of camp," was the second mate's answer.

"Remember, he is absolutely nothing to us, now we are on land."

"Where do you suppose we are?"

"Somewhere north of Subig Bay, or Port Subig, as the English call it. We were making for Point Capones when that dirty hurricane struck our ship and sent us into that Chinese junk. I think we must be somewhere in the neighborhood of Iba, a settlement something like a hundred miles northwest of Manila. But we may be still further away."

"And what of the natives around here?"

"They are treacherous people, so I've been told. The majority of them are Tagals, or *Tagaloes*, as the Spanish call 'em. You know all of these islands belong to Spain."

"Yes, I know that only too well, for the Spaniards at Manila have caused our business firm no end of trouble. They want to drive the Americans out, if they can."

"They would like to drive all foreigners out, so that they can have the wealth of the Philippines to themselves," went on the second mate, who was, as I soon discovered, a well-read man. "You see the islands pay an immense sum of money into Spain's treasury every year."

"But what of this rebellion here, that I heard of at Hong Kong?"

"Oh, the natives are continually fighting

among themselves and against the Spanish tax-gatherers, who have their offices located everywhere. You see there is a terribly mixed population, of Tagals, Malays, Papuan negroes, Chinese, Japanese, and Caucasians, with half-and quarter-breeds without number. I understand the Spaniards can count over a hundred different kinds of natives alone, and in the islands over a hundred and fifty different languages and dialects are spoken. It's a great country. But, come, we must rouse up something to eat."

"I have my pistol and some cartridges," I said, and showed my weapon.

"Keep your ammunition until you actually need it, lad. We can knock over something alive, as the natives do, with clubs."

In such a tropical forest clubs were soon found, and, 'holding these ready for use, we tramped on, through thick, dank moss and under masses of trailing vines.

"Théré they go!" shouted Watt Brown suddenly, as a whir sounded out ahead. A dozen or more good-sized birds had arisen and his club brought down two. Then came another whir to our right, and I let fly and brought down a beautiful white pigeon that weighed all of two pounds. Another pigeon was wounded and I managed to catch it alive and wring its neck. With this haul we returned to the beach.

The second mate's warning had had its effect upon Captain Kenny, and a roaring blaze greeted us, which, in the gathering twilight looked quite homelike. The captain had also kicked up about a bucketful of shell-fish in the shallow water of the cove.

By the time the fish and other things were cooked, Vincent and Sandram came back, each having traveled a good mile out and return. Both brought back with them some nearly ripe plantains, commonly called bananas in America. All were hungry, and never did a meal taste better than did that to me, although I have dined at some of our leading hotels.

"I saw nothing but some driftwood," reported Sandram. "The wood looked as if it might have belonged to the *Dart*, but I couldn't get close enough to make sure, as it was out on a reef, among the breakers."

Vincent had seen nothing of boats or crews, but had made a most grewsome discovery.

"I thought at a distance they might be big cocoanuts, lying upon the sand," he said. "But when I came closer I discovered that they were the heads of seven negroes, all of whom had been buried in a circle in the sand up to their necks."

"Negroes' heads!" I ejaculated. "And were the poor fellows dead?"

"Yes, and had been for some time, for the birds had pecked out their eyes and carried off parts of their flesh."

"This is awful, Brown," I said. "Persons who would do that cannot be short of—of——"

"Cannibals, eh, lad?" returned the mate. "Well, some savages around here are cannibals yet, Spanish reports to the contrary notwithstanding. But I don't like that ring of heads. It is an old sign among the Malays, and signifies that one tribe of people have made war on another tribe."

"If that's the case, I hope they don't make war on us," put in Sandram.

"So do I," I added; and there the talk dropped, for at that moment a sight far out on the ocean thrilled us to the core.

CHAPTER VI.

ADVENTURES IN THE FOREST.

The sight that met our gaze was a small boat dancing far out beyond the breakers. It contained three men, and as it came in closer, through the opening by which we had entered, we made out Tom Dawson, Ah Sid, the Chinese cook, and Matt Gory, an Irish sailor.

"It is Dawson's craft," murmured Watt Brown. "But it's only got three men aboard instead of five."

"Dan Holbrook is missing!" I gasped, and once again my heart sank like a lump of lead within my bosom.

"Boat ahoy!" yelled Vincent and the others, and the cry was speedily returned. Then Tom Dawson noted where we had run in, and ten minutes later beached his craft beside our own.

"Glad to see ye!" he cried, as he caught one after another by the hand. "I was afraid all of the other boats had gone to the bottom."

"The captain's boat went down," answered Watt Brown soberly. "We saved Captain Kenny, but could see nothing of the rest."

"And where is Dan Holbrook?" I put in impatiently.

"It's a sorry tale to tell, lad," answered the first mate of the ill-fated *Dart*.

"He was—was drowned?" I could scarcely speak the words.

"He was. You see it was this way. We were running along during the night and all hands were utterly worn out and half asleep. Suddenly a wave as big as a church bore down on us and nearly swamped our craft. I went overboard and so did Dan Holbrook and Casey. All of us went under, and when I came up and clambered aboard again, Holbrook and Casey were missing."

"Yis, poor Casey was missin', God rist his sowl!" murmured Matt Gory, who was the missing man's cousin. He turned to me. "Was you an' Mister Holbrook related, me b'y?" he questioned tenderly.

"No, but—but Dan was almost like a brother," I answered, in a voice that choked me, and then I had to turn away to hide the tears that would come.

The only man who seemed to enjoy my sorrow was Captain Kenny, who leered at me in a manner that made me feel like leaping upon him and hurling him under my feet to be trampled upon.

He was my enemy now, and I felt he would be my enemy as long as both of us lived.

The only grain of comfort that I could give myself was the fact that Tom Dawson's craft had struck the big wave not far from the coast line. It was barely possible that Dan had kept himself afloat until cast up on the beach, although, to be sure, this was far from likely.

The night was spent under the palm trees which lined the beach. As Vincent had made such a ghastly discovery, it was decided that all hands should take an hour at watching. I was awake from one o'clock to two on my own watch and also from five to six, when Captain Kenny stood guard, but nothing happened to disturb the improvised camp.

It was easy to obtain birds, and shell and other fish, and by eight o'clock an appetizing breakfast was in preparation. While eating we discussed our situation and decided to remain where we were for one day more, hoping to learn what had become of the fourth small boat and those who were still missing.

As I had had such luck in knocking over the two pigeons I was delegated to go out again to replenish our larder and was accompanied this time by Tom Dawson and Gory, the Irish sailor, who had visited the island of Luzon twice before.

In the meantime the others made an even longer tour than before, up and down the shore.

"It's a great counthry, so it is," observed Matt Gory, as the three of us strode into the forest. "They have a mixed-up population, as you was sayin', and the foightin' is worse tin toimes over nor a Donnybrook Fair. Thim Spaniards be afther thinkin' they kin control the nagers an' other haythins, but they can't. They are a thavin', lyin' set, an' would be afther stabbin' yez in the back fer a tin-cint piece."

"But the Spaniards control Manila and the other large cities."

"So they do, me b'y. But that's not a drop in the bucket, so to spake, wid millions o' haythins living on a thousand or more islands, some of which have niver yit been visited by white men. It will take two or three cinturies to make these nagers half dasent, so it will!" And Matt Gory shook his head to show that he meant all that he said.

Our talking, and the fire on the beach, had evidently caused an alarm among the feathered denizens of the forest, for we had to walk a considerable distance before we roused up any game worth bringing down. All of us had provided ourselves with clubs and in about an hour we had secured eight birds and a small squirrel, which I

had dislodged from a hollow tree quite by accident.

"There's a foin birrud!" cried Gory presently. "Hould back, both of yez, an' Oi'll bring him down!" And he crept off to our left.

He was gone fully three minutes, when we heard the crash of his club among some tree branches, followed by a yell of wonder and then a scream of fright. "He has stirred up the wrong hornet!" ejaculated Tom Dawson. "Come on!" And away he bounded, with I following.

When we reached the Irish sailor he was leaning against a tree, trying to knock from his shoulder a bat that we afterward found measured three feet from one wing tip to the other. The bat had clutched him firmly and was dealing blow after blow, first with one wing and then the other.

"Save me! Hilp! Save me!" gasped Gory, whose wind was almost gone, and now a blow on his forehead sent him to the foot of the tree.

Tom Dawson threw his club, but missed his mark. While he was running to secure his weapon once more, I leaped forward and hit the bat over the head. Instantly he came for me, and I received a crack on the cheek that left its mark for several hours. But now another blow

from my club finished him, and away he sailed with a half-broken wing. I was afraid he would return, but he passed out of sight among the overhanging vines, not to come back.

"Be jabbers, that was a birrud I didn't calculate on!" gasped Matt Gory when he could speak. "Phat was it—a floyin' windmill?"

"It was a bat, Gory," I answered. "A tropical bat—and a whopper."

"I want no more such birruds," was the Irishman's response. "Oi reckon Oi'll be more careful of phat Oi tackle in the future," and he was.

We walked on for half a mile further, for it was a clear day and we were not likely to miss our way. The undergrowth was thick and we moved with caution, not caring to rouse up some deadly reptile. On all sides were stately palm, mahogany, ebony, and other trees of a tropical nature, and everywhere hung the ponderous vines, some of them hundreds of feet long and as thick as a man's wrist.

"A snake!" yelled Tom Dawson, of a sudden, and we all fell back, while I drew my pistol, not satisfied to trust to a club in such an emergency. Matt Gory, who had no use for snakes, took to his heels, and that was the last we saw of him for fully a quarter of an hour.

Our alarm proved of short duration, for I soon

saw what the supposed snake was: the bat we had previously wounded. It was more than half dead, and a single blow from Dawson's stick finished it, and then we yelled for Gory to return.

"The Philippine bats knock ours all to pieces," observed the first mate. "We had best take him along."

"For eating?" I queried.

"Perhaps——" Dawson paused. "You don't like the idea? Very well, let him go then," and he threw the creature into the brush. I have since heard that among certain of the natives these bats are considered a great delicacy.

We had begun to ascend a small hill located about a quarter of a mile in advance of the mountain I have mentioned several times. I now suggested that we push on to the top.

"We can get a good look around from there," I continued. "And it may be that we will see more than the parties that went up and down the shore."

"Sure an that's a good idee," said Matt Gory. "Let us go to the top by all means."

The first mate was willing. "If you don't find it a tougher climb than ye calculate on," he cautioned.

The first part of the journey was comparatively easy, but the nearer we got to the top of the hill

the steeper became the side, until we could only progress by pulling ourselves up on one vine after another. "Sure an if a feller had to do it, he could be afther makin' step-ladders of the voines," grinned Gory.

Noon found us at the topmost point, at a spot where a bit of table land was surrounded by a score of stately palms many yards in height. "We can't see much after all, not unless we climb a tree," I observed disappointedly. "And how we are going to get to the top of one of those palms is a conundrum to me."

"I'll show you a native trick," answered Tom Dawson, and cast around for a suitable vine. Soon one was found, and he cut off a piece several yards long. Throwing this around a tree trunk, he twisted the ends about his hands and then began to ascend by bracing his feet against the trunk one after another, at the same time leaning his weight back so that it was held by the vine, which was slipped up in company with each footstep.

"Yez ought to introduce that sthoyle in Americky, among the telephone linemen," observed Gory, with a twinkle in his eye. "Oi only trust the vine proves sthrong enough to hold yez until yez reach the top."

Gory's hope was fulfilled; indeed the bit of green would have held the weight of a dozen

men, and once the branches of the palm were gained, the first mate of the *Dart* found it an easy matter to reach the crown of the tree. From this point a wide expanse of land and sea came into view, and he scrutinized every point of the compass with care.

"There is a native village to the northeast of here," he announced. "I can see forty or fifty bamboo huts and the smoke from several fires. There is a road running from the village to a river which winds in behind the mountain back of us."

"And what can you see down to the beach?" I called up.

"Nothing to the south of us." Tom Dawson turned to look up the coast. "By ginger!" we heard him exclaim, in a low voice.

"Phat now?" queried Matt Gory.

"I see—yes, it is—the wreck of the *Dart*, cast up high and dry on the shore!"

CHAPTER VII.

THE WRECK ON THE SHORE.

Tom Dawson's discovery filled us with amazement and satisfaction: amazement because all of us had thought that the schooner lay at the bottom of the China Sea and satisfaction for the reason that all thought we might now have a chance to obtain such of our belongings as still remained on board of the vessel.

"You are sure it is the *Dart*?" I queried, as the first mate took another long look.

"Sure, my lad; I know that craft among a thousand," was the answer.

"It's great news," put in Matt Gory. "Oi haven't much on board, but phat Oi have Oi want, especially that ould dudeen of mine which same Oi have smoked these fifteen years." Since landing he had bewailed the loss of his pipe a dozen times.

"If the *Dart* is up to the north of here, the party that went that way must have discovered her too," I said, as Tom Dawson descended the tree.

"That's likely, lad. Still, now we have located her, there is no use in staying here. We

want our things, and I reckon the boat will furnish us with all we will need to eat until we get back to civilized parts again."

"We don't want to lose a minit," burst out Gory. "If we do, thim haythins livin' in these parts will be afther claimin' the wreck, an' thin they won't lit us touch a thing."

"Can they do that?" I asked of the first mate.

"They can if they have the power," was Dawson's answer. "In this part of our globe, might is right in nine cases out of ten. We'll hurry all we can, and move directly for the wreck instead of going down to the old camp."

Apparently this was good advice, but in the end it proved to be just the opposite. We found that getting down the hill was more difficult than getting up, and once I took a tumble that landed me directly in the midst of a clump of nasty thorns. Matt Gory came after me, and both of us were stuck and scratched in more places than I care to mention.

"Oi'm stabbed!" he moaned. "Hilp me out av here! Ouch, be the powers, did anywan iver see such a hole as this fer darnin' nadles, now?"

The first mate helped us both, and after that we proceeded with more caution. Halfway down the hill we came upon a beautiful spring of water which was almost as cold as ice, and here drank our fill.

I must confess that I was very anxious to get back to the *Dart*, for, as will be remembered, I had left my money belt with its precious contents behind. This belt I had secreted in a hollow between my state-room and that next to it, and I felt it would be safe so long as the elements did not utterly destroy the ship. Besides the belt with my gold, silver, and the Manila draft, I had left behind a large packet of business papers of great value to our house. If these were lost, I felt our firm would have more trouble than ever in the Philippines.

"It's queer the *Dart* didn't sink in the middle of the sea," I observed, as we hurried on through the forest skirting the shore. "How do you account for it?"

"Well, we had a light cargo, for one thing, and it was packed pretty tightly forward. Maybe some the boxes got jammed in the hole that was stove in her," answered Tom Dawson, and later on, this proved to be correct.

The sun was beating down fiercely and the moment we left the shade of the trees we felt its full force. But we had now but a short distance further to go, so we did not slacken our pace.

"Stop!" cried Tom Dawson suddenly, and held me back, while he motioned to Matt Gory to halt.

"What's up?" I whispered.

"A dozen natives are in possession of the *Dart*. I can see them running all over her!"

"That's too bad, so it is!" groaned the Irish sailor. "To think sech a noble vessel should become the prize av sech haythins!"

"Will she really be their prize?" I asked.

For reply the first mate shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know what the law is down here," he ventured.

"Perhaps you can buy them off for a trifle."

"Not much! There was a time when natives like these could be bought off for a string of beads, a roll of calico or a six-inch looking glass, but that time is past. They know the value of gold and silver, even if paper money is beyond them."

"What do you propose to do?"

"Oh, we'll go ahead and claim the ship. But I want to give you a bit of advice. Don't be rash, or it may cost you your life."

"Thru fer you," put in Gory. "Them nagers aint to be thrusted, as I said before. Go slow, and be on your guard."

"I will be cautious," I answered, and as the memory of the circle of heads on the beach flashed across my mind I shuddered. Certainly these people, even if they did live but a few miles from the Spanish settlements, were far from civilized.

Looking to it that my pistol was ready for use, I followed Dawson out on the wide stretch of beach which separated us from the ill-fated vessel which we had left but a few days before. The *Dart* lay high out of the water, and a brief glance showed that she had lost none of her masts and but little of her rigging. "I'll wager that five hundred dollars will put her into as good a condition as ever," remarked Tom Dawson, and Matt Gory agreed with him.

As the first mate had said, there were a number of natives on the craft's deck, and now we noted another batch of the negroes on the shore.

"They are a hard looking-crowd," I whispered, as I gazed at them. They were all men, tall, slim, and wearing little but shirts and loin-cloths and head-coverings made of Manila straw. The crowd on the beach was chattering away at a lively rate, in a language none of us could understand, although I soon became convinced that it was not Spanish.

We had covered half the distance to the *Dart*, when one of the natives discovered us and pointed us out to his companions. At once the whole party ran forward and surrounded us, asking a dozen questions at once.

"Don't understand you," shouted Tom Dawson. "Don't you speak United States?"

"Don't you speak English?" I added.

The crowd stared at us and all shook their heads. It is doubtful if any of them had ever heard the English tongue before, for the majority of foreigners in the Philippines take up Spanish as the language of commerce when dealing with the natives.

"Here's a rum go!" whispered Dawson. Then a happy idea struck him and he pointed at Gory, me and himself, and then at the *Dart*.

Instead of nodding to show that they understood, the natives scowled at us. Then, while the others continued to surround us, one ran off to summon those on the ship's deck. Soon he returned with a fellow who was several inches taller than his companions and who showed by his bearing that he was some sort of a chief.

Again Dawson went through the pantomime previously described, and again the crowd scowled, the chief harder than any of his followers. At once, a light burst in upon me.

"I'll tell you what they are mad about," I explained to my companions. "They think we want to take possession of the *Dart*."

"Well, that's jest wot we do want," growled the first mate.

"Let us try to push our way to the ship," I went on, and endeavored to break away from the Tagals, for such the natives were.

What followed surprised me beyond measure. The chief rushed up, put out his foot, gave me a shove, and hurled me flat on the sand. Before I could arise he had motioned to another native, and this fellow promptly came and sat on my back, thus holding me down!

I might have stood such treatment, rather than risk bloodshed, but the attack was more than Matt Gory could stand. His hot Irish blood boiled instantly, and raising his club he hit the fellow on top of me a blow that all but knocked him senseless.

"Yez will sit on him, will yez?" he cried. "Take that, an' look out that yez don't git another that's worse, bedad!" and he stepped back and stood at bay.

A fierce, blood-curdling yell went up, and almost a score of war clubs and spears were brandished in the air.

"Nów you've put your foot into it!" ejaculated Tom Dawson. "Come, let us retreat, before it is too late!"

By pure good luck, we tore ourselves free from the natives who sought to hold us back. Dawson was already running for the forest. Gory now followed, and I came behind. With another yell, twice as loud as before, the Tagals came after us, launching several spears as they did so.

CHAPTER VIII.

ATTACKED BY THE TAGALS.

“ *Woorra cambia, woorra!* ”

Such was the war cry which was raised,—or, at least, that is how it sounded to me. Then came the spears, and Gory gave a yell.

“ Oi’m kilt!” he gasped. “ Oi’m a dead mon!”

“ No, you’re not!” I answered. “ That spear only nipped your ear. Hurry up, or you will be killed, for certain!” and I grabbed him by the arm.

We had a lead of fifty feet and the Tagals were lessening this steadily, when, to frighten them, Tom Dawson turned and fired a pistol shot over their heads.

The effect was instantaneous. All of the natives came to a standstill and several began to retreat.

“ I thought that would fetch ’em,” puffed the first mate. “ I reckon they don’t know much about fire-arms.”

But Dawson was mistaken, as we found out

later. During the past the natives had known but little of pistols and guns, but now for several years they had seen them in the hands of both the Spanish soldiers and those who were in rebellion against the Spanish crown, and had even stood up in battle, on the side of those who wanted to make the Philippines free and independant of the rest of the world, be that movement, under General Aguinaldo, for good or for evil.

The natives had halted and some had sought safety in flight, but now the chief issued several orders, and they came on again, more determined than ever. Soon they divided, and entered the forest to the north and south of us.

The division gave the first mate a good deal of concern. "It's a splendid move—for them," he muttered. "I reckon they know the woods like a book, too."

"Can they have made prisoners of the party who came up here this morning?" I ventured.

"Sure an' that's more than loikely," put in Matt Gory. "If they catch us I'm afther thinkin' we'll be ristin' in a circle in the sand, too. Come on." And he tried to increase his speed.

But our previous climb had made us tired and soon I became so exhausted I felt ready to drop. Tom Dawson was puffing painfully, his face the color of a beet.

“I—I can’t keep it up—no use of tryin’!” he gasped.

“Neither can I,” I returned. “But if we are caught——”

“I don’t believe they will dare do much to us.”

“We must go on!” urged Gory. “Thim haythins—listen to that!”

The Irish sailor broke off short, as a cry from the beach reached our ears. A yell followed, and then came several pistol shots.

“The other party has arrived, or is trying to break away,” I burst out. “Maybe we had better go back.”

“I think so myself,” answered the first mate. “We count three and if there are three more that will give us six, and six white men ought to be able to subdue four times that number of such wretches.”

We turned on our tracks, just as a crashing in the brush to our left came to our ears. Soon we were making for the beach with all of the strength left to us.

When we came out into the open we found Watt Brown, Vincent, and Sandram in a hand-to-hand fight with four natives that had been left to watch the wreck. So far the contest had been an even one, but more natives were hurrying in the direction, and soon the second mate and his

men found themselves surrounded. As I came closer I saw Sandram go down, a spear through his left shoulder.

"Messmates ahoy!" shouted Matt Gory. "Hould th' fort until we git there!" and coming closer, he let fly his club, taking one native in the head and landing him on the sand with a cracked skull.

In another moment we were all mixed up, and each one fighting along as he saw best. I was struck twice, once on the head, and this blow dazed me and made me stagger to the edge of the woods and sink down on a rock. I tried to get up, but found myself too weak to do so and had to content myself with taking shots at long range with my revolver, until a Tagal came up and kicked the weapon from my hand and made me a close prisoner by binding my arms behind me with twisted vines.

In less than a quarter of an hour the fight was over, and two natives and poor Sandram lay dead on the beach, while several on both sides were walking around trying to deaden the pain of wounds which were more or less serious. An ear-splitting whistle from the chief of the Tagals had brought twenty or thirty others to the scene, and now our party of five were all made prisoners, Sandram being cast out into the waves which lapped the *Dart's* sides.

"Here's a pickle, truly!" growled Tom Dawson. "I wonder what they intend to do with us?"

"Mebbe they'll eat us, hang 'em!" answered Watt Brown.

"No, they are no longer cannibals," put in Vincent. "But you can make up your minds that we won't sleep on a bed of roses to-night."

"They have no right to make us prisoners," went on the first mate. "I wonder if there is any Spanish officer near here. I know there is one at Iba."

"We could find out if only some of them understood English," said I. "Let me see. The Spanish name for a Spaniard is *Un Español*. I'll try them on that."

Walking up to the chief, I repeated the words, "*Un Español*," several times. At this he gave a sickly grin, then shook his head decidedly.

"If he knows any Spaniard in authority here he is not going to take us to him," was Tom Dawson's comment. "My private opinion is that they know perfectly well that this ship belongs to us, but they mean to keep the prize for themselves, and rather than have any trouble with the Spanish authorities about her, they'll put us all out of the way."

"That's not unlikely," added Watt Brown. "You must remember that all of the people in

this part of the world used to be nateral-born pirates—those with Malay blood especially.”

“I don’t believe in giving up the ship, not if it can be helped,” said I.

“Neither do I!” answered Tom Dawson, and the others nodded in agreement.

“The only question is,” continued Watt Brown, “now that we abandoned the *Dart*, doesn’t she belong to whoever finds her?”

“What can these nagers do wid a ship like her?” burst out Matt Gory. “Sure an’ they wouldn’t know how to manage her, even if they sthopped up the lake in her bow!”

At this point the chief of the natives came forward and motioned for us to be silent, and when Gory attempted to go on, slapped the Irish sailor on the cheek. Gory was “boiling mad,” as the saying goes, but could do nothing with his hands bound behind him; and so the conversation had to be dropped.

The *Dart* had stranded at the mouth of a fair-sized stream flowing into the ocean, or to be more correct, the China Sea, and lay secure from any ordinary storm which might come up. I wondered how she had gotten in past the breakers so well, and so did Tom Dawson, as he told me later. It was easily explained when we learned the truth, which now was not long in being revealed.

We had been joined in pairs and were now made to march away from the sea-coast and toward the native village of Bumwoga, a collection of ramshackle bamboo huts, the same we had seen from the top of the hill at the time the *Dart* was located. We were in the custody of one-half of the chief's guard, the other natives moving off for the vessel, to loot her of whatever came handy.

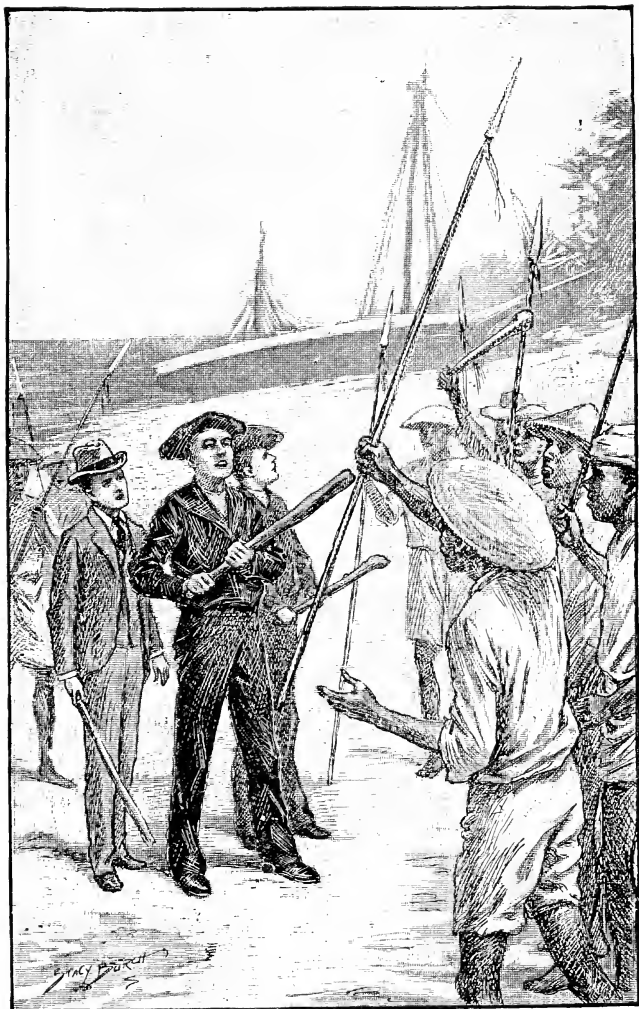
At the village we met the first Tagal women, creatures by no means bad-looking. They were almost as simply dressed as their husbands and brothers. There were also a great number of little children, who stared at us with eyes as big as moons and then dove into the huts out of sight, fearful that the *nooga-nu*, or bogie-men, had come to carry them away.

The sun still beat down fiercely, and by the time the center of the village was gained I was ready to drop from exhaustion. Indeed, I did stagger. Seeing this, Tom Dawson, who had been bound to me, braced me up, and then we sank on a grassy mound close to a tall mahogany tree. As we remained quiet, no one, for the time being, disturbed us.

The village of Bumwoga was certainly a curious-looking place, and under other circumstances I would have viewed all that it contained with much interest. But just now my interest

was centered in myself and my companions, and I constantly speculated upon the fate which awaited us.

We had been in the village about an hour, and the chief was in earnest conversation with his followers, when there came several pistol shots from the direction of the sea-coast. "Captain Kenny and the others have come up," murmured Tom Dawson. "I hope the natives get the worst of it." He was right, the captain had come up, but the natives overcame him by sheer force of numbers, and he and his men, including the Chinese cook, were bound and placed on the *Dart*. What this turn of affairs led to we will see in the later chapters of my tale.



“AT ONCE THE WHOLE PARTY RAN FORWARD AND SURROUNDED US,
ASKING A DOZEN QUESTIONS AT ONCE.”

CHAPTER IX.

THE FLIGHT FROM BUMWOGA.

“ This is slow, lad.”

“ It is trying, Dawson. I wonder how long they expect to keep us here? ”

“ I’m sure I can’t guess, lad,—perhaps until we die of old age.”

“ And what do you suppose they have done with the others? ”

“ Can’t say as to that either—maybe killed ’em all off and stewed ’em in the pot,” and with a voluminous sigh the first mate of the *Dart* turned over and fell into a light doze.

Dawson and I had been confined in one of the bamboo huts. We were tied fast to a thin palm tree, the top of which waved far above the hut roof. The place was about twelve feet square and was open at two sides. The floor was covered with broken palm leaves and refuse of all sorts, and the whole place was vile-smelling and alive with vermin.

We had been prisoners in the village for three days, and the time seemed like so many years. Twice a day an ugly old negro woman came in to give us meals of rice cakes, fish, and native

fruits, and to leave us an earthen jug full of brackish water.

"This is a good place to catch a fever," I had said to Dawson, the day before, and since that time he had declared that the fever was slowly but surely getting into his system.

I had tried to talk to the old woman and to several of the natives that had dropped in upon us out of curiosity, but nobody understood me and none were able or willing to give us aid.

The night to follow brought on a heavy storm, almost as severe as that which had caused us to abandon our ship. About half the men of Bumwoga were away and the remainder, with the women and children, huddled in the huts to escape the fury of the elements. The rain came down "by the bucketful," and soon the single street of the village was six inches deep with water, which flowed around the spot where Tom Dawson and I were held close prisoners.

"If this keeps on, we'll be drowned," I remarked dismally. "One thing is certain, if we want to catch any sleep to-night we'll have to do it standing up."

"Who could sleep with such a racket!" growled Dawson. "Why, just listen to that!"

"That" was a fearful crack of thunder, which rolled and roared among the hills and mountains to the east and north of the village. The thun-

der was followed by another downpour, and outside all remained pitch-black.

"I'll tell you what, Dawson!" I cried, after a pause, for the crash had taken away my breath. "If we want to get away, to-night is the time to do it!"

"That's true, Oliver. But how are we to manage the trick? I've turned and twisted until my wrists are so sore they are ready to run blood. This vine-rope is as tough as a steel cable."

"I think I see a way," I answered. "I was afraid somebody would spot us if I mentioned it before. When the old woman brought us in that shell-fish this afternoon, I managed to save a bit of shell and hide it in my pocket. The edge is sharp, and by sawing on the vines I think I can cut them. The question is, can we escape even after the vines are cut? I rather think we'll run the risk of our lives."

"Let us try it anyway, lad; anything is better than staying here," said Dawson.

I immediately produced the bit of shell and set to work. I could not reach my own bonds very well, but I could reach those of my companion, and after fifteen minutes of hard labor, the first mate was liberated. Then he took the shell and began upon my wrists.

The storm kept up, and of a sudden came a

blinding flash of lightning and an electrical shock that pitched Dawson headlong. The top of the palm tree had been hit and knocked off, leaving the stump above the hut burning like a gigantic torch.

I was too dazed for several minutes to speak or move, and my companion was scarcely less affected. Then, however, Dawson leaped up to finish his work.

"Free!" I cried, as the vines snapped asunder, and hand in hand we ran for one of the hut openings. A dozen feet away lay the top of the palm tree, blazing furiously and spluttering in the never-ending downpour. By this uncertain light we saw that the village street was deserted.

Where to go? was now the burning question. I looked at the first mate and he looked at me. Both of us realized only too well what a false move might mean.

"That's south—the way we want to go," he said, throwing out his hand. "Come on," and off we set, among the huts and across a patch of low brush. We were less than a hundred yards off when a savage yell told us that our escape had been discovered.

"We've got to leg it now, my boy!" ejaculated Tom Dawson. "Oh, if only I had that pistol of mine!"

"And if I only had mine too," I added. All

of our belongings, excepting our clothing, had been confiscated.

At the further side of the brush we came to a small stream, which we plunged into ere we had time to draw back.

"Look out, it may be over your head!" shouted Dawson; but the warning was not needed, as the watercourse proved to be less than a yard deep at any point. The bottom was of sand and small stones, and both sides were overhung with brush, moss, and the ever-present vines.

"Hold on," whispered my companion, as I was about to step out of the stream. "It may be safer here than anywhere, for water leaves no trail. Let us keep to the middle of the stream and see where it brings us."

I thought this was good advice, and we hurried on in silence, but both on guard for fear of plunging into some deep hole. A hundred feet were covered and we heard the shout again, but this time closer, showing that the Tagals were indeed on the trail.

"If it comes to the worst we can sit down in the water and only keep our mouths and noses out," remarked Dawson. "I'm not going to be captured again if I can prevent it—no, sirree!"

We moved along with added caution, for we could now hear the natives shouting one to an-

other from several different points. The storm still continued, and both of us were wet to the skin, so a slip to the bottom of the shallow river would have proved no hardship.

"Stop!" The command came in a soft whisper, and instantly I halted. Both of us listened intently, and I heard what had caused Dawson to stop me—a splashing of water ahead.

"Somebody is moving around ahead of us!" he whispered into my ear. "Those Tagals are regular imps for following a fellow!"

"Their one study is bush and forest life," I answered. "But what shall we do—leave the stream?"

"Let us wait a moment and listen."

We did so, and the splashing came nearer. But now it did not sound altogether like footsteps, and I told the first mate so.

"I agree with you," he said. "But it's something, that's certain, a wild beast, or—Great Scott! lad, make for the bank—quick!"

Tom Dawson caught me by the arm and made a furious leap, and I followed. Both of us floundered down, but were up in a trice, and none too soon, for even in the gloom we presently beheld the ugly head of a cayman stuck up close to the river bank.

"An alligator!" I screamed, and ran still further away. Dawson did not hesitate to follow

me, and at the same time screamed as loudly as I did. Then of a sudden he paused, screamed again and gave a sudden loud moan and shriek as if in mortal agony.

"Now, don't make a sound," he whispered, as the shriek came to an end. "Ten to one those natives will think the alligators have eaten us."

"I hope they do," I answered, understanding his ruse and delighted with it. "But which way now?"

"We seem to be moving up a hill. Let us keep on until the top is gained. I am sure that will take us away from the village, and that is what we want."

On and on we went, the wet brush slashing in our faces. Often we sank into muddy holes up to our knees, but each time one would help the other out. Whenever a flash of lightning lit up the firmament we tried to look about us, but the forest cut off the view.

"I can't go much further," I gasped, at last, when Dawson announced a big cliff ahead. "We ought to find some sort of shelter there," he said, and he was not mistaken. Under a portion of the cliff was a cave-like opening several yards in depth, and into this we crowded, out of the fury of the storm. We listened intently, but for the balance of that night saw or heard no more of the Tagals.

CHAPTER X.

THE BATTLE AT A DISTANCE.

Morning dawned as mornings do in the tropics. There is no gradual coming on of daylight. The sun came up in all of its fiery splendor, and day was at hand, hot, oppressive, and enervating. To look around one would have thought that it had not rained for a week, yet there was a steam in the air—a steam that by noon gave place to a peculiar vapor laden with that smell which, once experienced, is not easily forgotten, the smell of rank vegetation mingled with the delicious odor of spices.

“And how do you feel, Oliver?” asked the first mate, as I sat up and rubbed my eyes. “Perhaps you forget where you are?”

“No, I don’t forget, but I am tremendously sleepy yet,” I answered, as I stretched myself. “What time is it, do you think?”

“Not seven yet.”

“Then I haven’t slept very long, after all. I thought by the light it must be close upon noon.” I paused. “I wish I had something to eat.”

“So do I, lad; but we’ll have to stay our stomachs until we are further away from those Tagals, I’m thinking. I’ve been looking around and I don’t think the top of this hill is far off. Let us get to there and take in the lay of the land.”

As there seemed nothing better to do, I agreed, and we began the ascent of the cliff, which was composed of lava principally, for the Philippine Islands are largely of volcanic origin, and have numerous volcanoes which are in constant operation. The cliff passed, we began another trudge through the woods.

I had noticed butterflies, small and big, before, but now these beautiful creatures became more plentiful than ever, until at one point our way was almost blinded by them.

“It’s like a snow-storm of ’em, aint it?” remarked Dawson, and his picture was about correct, excepting that, while a portion of them were milky white, the others were of every shade imaginable.

We had hoped to gain the top of the hill by ten o’clock, but it was afternoon before we came out on the stretch of tableland that was its highest point. As before, the tableland was surrounded by palms, so both Dawson and I had to climb into the trees to get a look around.

We first turned our eyes toward the China

Sea, which rolled and glistened like molten gold in the bright sunlight. Far away two sails were visible, mere specks upon the horizon. At the beach the breakers rolled and broke, sending the white spume almost up to the roots of the palms that fringed the sand. From the point we occupied the mouth of the river where the *Dart* lay was concealed from view.

"Nothing of interest in that direction," observed Dawson, and turned carefully to take a look inland. Soon he uttered a cry of astonishment.

"What do you see?" I queried.

"What do I see?" he repeated. "Hang me if I don't see about the biggest battle on record!"

"A battle?" I cried, and turned among the branches to get a view myself.

"Yes, a battle. Don't you hear the guns?"

I listened, and sure enough from a great distance I heard the crack and roll of musketry. At first I could not locate the sounds, but presently saw the thin white smoke ascending from a valley far to our east, a valley hedged in between two tall mountains.

"Can you make out who is fighting?" I asked, straining my eyes to the utmost.

"It looks to me like soldiers on one side and natives on the other," answered the first mate.

"The soldiers are driving the other fellows up the valley. There must be about five hundred men fighting on each side."

"Can the Tagals be waging war on the Spaniards?"

"I reckon they are rebels under General Aguinaldo, who has been their acknowledged leader for over a year."

"And do they expect to win their freedom?"

"I suppose so, although, even if they do throw off the yoke of Spain, I don't believe they are capable of governing themselves."

"They certainly are not, if they are all like the fellows who made us prisoners."

"Oh, the better class of Tagals are not like these, lad. Why, I've been told that, in Manila, some of them are quite ladies and gentlemen. They can read and write, and affect the Spanish fashions."

The tide of battle had now swept up the valley, and we heard and saw nothing more of the contest. We gave the surroundings another good look, and then descended to mother earth.

"I've got an idea," said Dawson. "If we can find one of the small boats, why not stock her up with provisions and water and then sail down the coast to the nearest seaport settlement to Manila—say Port Subig? That will save us a tedious and perhaps dangerous trip overland."

"That's a good idea, expecially as we don't want to get mixed up in this fight between the insurgents and the Spanish. But what of the *Dart* and our things on board of her?"

"Ten to one the natives have already looted the ship, Oliver. As it is, we can do nothing but notify those in Manila who were interested in her cargo. Perhaps they'll help us in the matter, for their own sakes."

"And what of the others who were made prisoners?"

"Alone and without weapons what can we do for them? If we can organize a party in Manila to come here and straighten out matters we'll be doing well."

Both of us were tremendously hungry, and now we cast about for something to eat. But little could be found on the hill outside of a few cocoanuts, and soon we were on our way to the seacoast, taking care to give the Tagal settlement a wide berth.

We had just stepped out upon the sand when we saw a figure clad in a flowing frock coming toward us at top speed.

"Ah Sid, as I'm a sinner!" burst out Tom Dawson, as he recognized the Chinese cook of the *Dart*. "Hi! hi! where are you running to?" he called out.

At the sound of the first mate's voice the little

Chinaman came to a dead halt. "Who callee?" he yelled. "Who callee Ah Sid?"

"I called you, you monkey. Come here," answered Dawson, and now Ah Sid saw us and reached our side on the double-quick.

"Me gittee away flom bad man," he puffed. "Hide in tree woods, or him cochee all flee—lun! lun!" And he lost no time in diving into the forest, and we came after him.

We had scarcely concealed ourselves when two Tagals burst into view, skipping along the sands with long spears in their hands, ready to be launched forth at the first sight of the terror-stricken Celestial. Ah Sid's footprints were plainly visible, so they lost no time in following him into the forest.

"We must down them!" whispered Dawson excitedly, and as one of the Tagals passed him he leaped out, caught hold of the man's spear, and threw him headlong. Seeing this, I threw myself on the second copper-colored rascal, and a fierce, all-around struggle ensued.

It was little Ah Sid who turned the tide of battle in our favor. Paralyzed at first with fear, he quickly recovered, and picking up a big stone, approached and struck first one enemy and then the other on the head. The blows were well directed and heavy, and each Tagal went down insensible.

"Good for you, Ah Sid!" cried Tom Dawson. "You can fight, even if you are a heathen."

"Shall me finish um?" asked the cook, as he still held the stone which had done such good work.

"No, no, that would be murder!" I ejaculated in horror. "They are both pretty badly done for and won't get over this for an hour or more. Come on, unless there are more coming."

"Only dese two, Mlister Raymond. Where you goee?"

"We thought we might find one of the small boats," answered the mate.

"Little boatee dlis way." Ah Sid pointed down the beach. "Hurry if wantee him, or bad man git um."

Away we went, the Chinaman leading the party. As he ran he managed to tell us that he had escaped from the Tagals two days before, but had been unable to get away from the territory. "Watt Brown, Matt Gory, and um captain gittee away, too," he concluded. "No knowee where them goee dough."

It did not take long to reach the small boat, which lay in the cove where we had originally landed. The second small boat was gone, the natives having carried it off.

"Now for a stock of provisions," I said.

"We will have to thresh around the woods at a lively rate, if we want to get away before night."

"We won't hunt for any more than we actually need," answered Tom Dawson. "And Ah Sid will help us, I know," and he explained to the cook what we proposed to do.

"Me catchee blirds very soon," answered Ah Sid, and procured a long, thin switch. With this he entered the forest, and soon brought down several birds, including three pigeons. He would stir them up from the grass, and a lightning-like crack of the switch would finish them.

"Hold hard!" cried Tom Dawson, while we were in the midst of our labors. "Hold hard, somebody is coming!"

We instantly became silent and listened. The first mate was right, three persons were coming through the forest, and they were heading directly for the spot where the boat lay.

CHAPTER XI.

OFF FOR SUBIG BAY.

Slowly the footsteps came closer, as though the three persons were approaching with extreme caution.

"Perhaps they heard us," I whispered to Tom Dawson, and he nodded. "If they are natives what shall we do?"

"We'll have to trust to luck, lad. I would rather fight to the end than become a prisoner again."

"So will I fight."

I had a club which I had been using in knocking over game, and this I held ready for any emergency which might present itself. Slowly the three newcomers came closer, then stopped short, and we heard not another sound.

I must confess that my heart leaped into my throat, as I had a mental vision of a tall Tagal sneaking up behind me and running me through with his cruel spear. Were the newcomers trying to surround us?

Five minutes passed,—it was more than an age to me,—and still the silence continued, broken

only by the birds as they fluttered from tree to brush. From a distance came the incessant hum of millions of tropical insects, but to this sound I had long since become accustomed.

"Begorra, Oi don't see nothin at all, at all!" came in a rich Irish voice not a dozen yards away from me. "If they be haythins, where are they?"

"Matt Gory!" I burst out. "Matt Gory, is that you?"

"The saints be praised, it's Oliver Raymond!" came from the delighted Irishman, and now he rushed forward and literally embraced me. "I was afther thinkin' ye was one av thim villainous Tagals!"

Gory was followed by Watt Brown and Captain Kenny. The second mate was also delighted to see me. Captain Kenny, however, merely scowled, and then turned to Dawson and Ah Sid.

Our various stories were soon told, and we learned that the newcomers had also intended to hunt up a small boat. "I intended to cut down a sapling and hoist some kind of a sail," said Watt Brown. "Sailing down to Subig Bay will be far better than to make the journey overland, especially during these trying times."

Watt Brown had had one advantage over us. He had met a Spaniard who could speak a little

English, and from this man had learned a good deal that was decidedly interesting.

"The natives have made war on the Spaniards tooth and nail," he said. "Not only the neighborhood around Manila, but the whole of the island of Luzon is up in arms. General Aguinaldo had under him something like forty to fifty thousand Tagals, Philippine Spaniards, and others, and they have declared for independence. They swear they will pay no further taxes to the Spanish."

"But all people have to pay taxes," I ventured.

"Yes, but not as the Filipinos do, my boy. They are taxed for about everything they eat and everything they drink, and they pay a tax for doing business. They can't cut down a tree, or shear a sheep, or pull down cocoanuts without paying a tax to the government. Besides this, they have also to pay large sums of money to the Church, and so they are kept poverty-stricken from year to year. I don't blame 'em for revolting, as it is called."

"Spain is having her hands full just now," remarked Tom Dawson. "The war in Cuba is ten times worse than the war here, I'm thinking."

"That Spaniard I met was very angry against us Americans," resumed Watt Brown. "He

said Americans are aiding the Cubans, and if we didn't look out Spain would punish us for it."

This caused Dawson to laugh. "Ha! ha! The idea of Spain doing anything to Uncle Sam," he said. "I reckon we can take care of ourselves, every trip."

How right he was later events proved.

As there were now six of us, we worked with more confidence. Each of us had a good club, and we provided ourselves with stones that were jagged of edge, to use in case of sudden attack. Ah Sid also made himself a sling shot out of a pliable tree branch and showed us what he could do with this weapon by bringing down a pigeon with a stone at a distance of fifty yards.

It was nearly nightfall by the time we had brought in our birds, pigeons, and fish and cooked them. In the meantime Watt Brown had been as good as his word and had rigged up a small mast and a sail on the *Mollie*, as he had dubbed the craft. The sky was clear and it promised to be moonlight, and we decided to leave the coast as soon as we had eaten supper, which would be our last meal on shore for probably three or four days, if not a week.

"We must keep our eyes peeled for those Tagals," remarked Tom Dawson, as we squatted around the camp-fire. "If we don't they may surprise us, and then our cake will be dough."

The *Mollie* lay ready for shoving off, so we could leave at the first sign of danger. As we ate we discussed the situation and what the future was likely to bring forth.

"I shall demand that the Spanish government give me protection to take the *Dart* into a proper harbor," said Captain Kenny, who was now, perforce, perfectly sober. "Those Tagals have no legal claim to the wreck."

"But they must have some claim," I answered.

"No claim whatever—and I can prove it," returned the captain, as he glared at me.

"How can you prove that, captain?" asked Tom Dawson. "Every man of us left her—there is no gainsaying that."

"Never mind; I can prove they have no claim upon her," was the captain's answer, but further than that he would not say.

Our supper was scarcely concluded when the moon came up over the rim of the sea, as white as new silver. We began our preparations to embark without further delay. As we worked I saw Captain Kenny eye me in a strange manner that gave me a cold chill, and I resolved to be more than ever on my guard against him.

Our provisions and ourselves made as much of a load as the *Mollie* could safely carry, and at the last moment some cocoanuts had to be left

behind. Water was stored away in the bucket which had been used for bailing out the craft and in hollow stalks of bamboo, the latter making first-class receptacles. The cooked things were wrapped in palm leaves and covered with damp seaweed.

The captain, the two mates, and Matt Gory took the oars, and a few well-directed strokes took the *Mollie* out of the cove and well on toward the opening in the line of breakers. "We'll have to row and watch out, too, since the boy can't do anything," grumbled Captain Kenny. I firmly believe, had he had his way, he would have left me behind.

"Watch for the opening, Oliver," said Tom Dawson. "You can do that as well as anyone." I did as directed, and before long the dangerous line of coral was passed and we were riding the long stretches of the China Sea as safely as though crossing the Bay of San Francisco.

Fortunately, not only Captain Kenny, but also Dawson and Brown, could read the stars with ease, so but little trouble was experienced in holding to a course which was certain to bring us down to Subig Bay sooner or later. The wind was favorable, and the sail being hoisted the oars were shipped, and we took it easy under the pale gleaming of the Southern Cross.

"We may as well divide up into watches,"

suggested Tom Dawson, and after some talk it was decided that he, Matt Gory, and myself should stand the first watch of four hours, while the captain, Watt Brown, and Ah Sid took the second watch of equal length.

In this manner the night passed without incident, for when I slept I did so between my two friends, so I was safe from any evil designs that Captain Kenny might have upon me, even had he dared to carry them out while the second mate was on watch with him.

Sunrise found us still in sight of land, at a point where the mountains of Luzon ran directly down into the sea. The air was filled with a bluish mist, and by ten o'clock was oppressive to the last degree.

"It's a good thing we have the sail," I remarked. "Nobody could possibly row in this awful heat."

"The sail may not do us any good presently," answered Watt Brown.

"Why not?"

"Don't you see how the wind is dying down?"

The second mate was right, and presently the sail flapped idly against the stumpy mast. Tom Dawson looked at the oars, picked up one of the blades, let it fall again, and shook his head. "Too blasted hot, no use of talking."

"I think I would rather lay under the shadow of yonder mountain than out here all day," said Brown. "What do you say, boys; shall we pull for the shore?"

A vote was taken, and it was found that even Captain Kenny preferred land to that boiling and sizzling sea. But he declined to row. "Let the boy take a hand," he said.

I was willing, and I think I can safely say that I made fairly good progress. "I can run an engine or a steam launch, but I never had much of a chance at a row- or sail-boat," I explained.

"By the way, what is taking you to Manila, if I may ask?" questioned the second mate curiously.

"It's partly business and partly pleasure. You know my father is a member of the firm of Raymond, Holbrook & Smith, manufacturers of engines and sugar-making machinery. I wanted a vacation and was sent to Hong Kong and Manila, to get the fresh air and learn the business at the same time."

"You say you can run an engine?"

"Oh, yes, I can run almost anything that goes by steam," I laughed. "I take to it naturally, although I don't intend to become an engineer. Now if the *Dart* had only carried a steam or naphtha launch, we would have been all right," and here this talk came to an end.

Finding a landing at the mountain side was not easy, for the waves ran up strongly against those rocks, which, in some places, were a hundred feet in height. But we discovered a small canyon, or split, and ran into this, a delightful locality, as shady as it was cool and inviting. Again the boat was beached, and we hopped ashore, I, however, never dreaming that that was to be my last trip in the little craft.

CHAPTER XII.

ATTACKED IN THE CANYON.

A good sleep during the night had rested me thoroughly; so, while the others sat around, talking or smoking "home-made" cigars, made out of some native tobacco which Matt Gory had secured during his wanderings, I started up the canyon on a short tour of exploration.

"I've heard that there is gold on this island," I laughed, when Tom Dawson asked me where I was bound. "I'm going to strike a bonanza."

"Look out that you don't stir up some wild animal big enough to chew you up," he yelled after me.

The canyon was filled with brushwood and vines, with here and there heavy clusters of tropical flowers, so odoriferous that they were positively sickening. Some of these flowers, I afterward learned, can readily put one to sleep if you sit by them long enough.

I found an easy path to the top of the canyon, at a point where the walls were fifty to sixty feet high and three times as far apart. At the top was a patch of smooth ground, back of which began the upward slope of the mountain.

I kept my eyes open for wild animals, but nothing of size presented itself, although I detected something moving near the mountain top, probably some Philippine goats. There were countless birds, and in a dark corner of the canyon I roused up half a dozen bats, none of which, however, offered to molest me.

Coming to a truly beautiful spot, where a tiny mountain stream formed a waterfall that leaped and danced in the sunshine striking through some flowered brushwood, I threw myself down and gave myself up to reflection.

What a variety of adventures had I passed through since leaving home! In Hong Kong the days had not passed without incident, and now here I was, cast away on the island of Luzon, minus my money and the documents I had been intrusted to deliver, and in a land that was practically in a state of war.

And yet I knew absolutely nothing of the important events which were transpiring in what might be called the outer world. I did not know that the war between Spain and the inhabitants of Cuba had reached its height and that the relations between Spain and the United States had culminated in the total destruction of the battleship *Maine* in Havana harbor, and that we were on the verge of war with the Spaniards in consequence. Nor did I know how my father was

suffering in Cuban wilds, as related in "When Santiago Fell." Perhaps it is a good thing that I did not know about my parent's condition, for I would have worried a good deal, and worrying would have done no good.

From day-dreaming over the present I began to speculate on the past, on my schoolboy days, and on the great interest I had taken for several years in steam engines, machinery of all sorts, and in big guns. Guns, such as were used in the forts on our Pacific seacoast, had particularly interested me, and I had studied them in all of their details, never once dreaming how useful this knowledge was to be to me.

From day-dreaming I fell into a light doze, from which I awoke with a start to find the form of a man leaning over me. The man had clutched my arm and this had aroused me. One glance showed that the man was Captain Kenny.

"Now I've got the chance I'll serve you as I served Holbrook!" he hissed into my ear, and hurled me over the edge of the canyon down to where the mountain torrent struck the rocks far below.

"Don't!" I managed to gasp; but that was all. I felt myself dropping through space, made a vain clutch at some brush which scraped my cheek, and then struck heavily on the rocks—and knew no more. When I recovered my

senses it was pitch-dark around me and a light rain was falling. At first I could not collect myself and did not attempt to stir. Where was I, and what had happened?

The flowing of water over one arm aroused me, and, making examination, I found that I was lying half in and half out of the mountain torrent. Had I fallen into a little different position I must surely have drowned. As a matter of fact my hair showed that I had fallen head first into the water, but had by some unconscious movement saved myself from a watery grave.

It was fully a quarter of an hour before I felt able to sit up, much less stand on my feet. I ached in every joint, and my head was in such a whirl that I could scarcely see.

"Oh, what a villain Captain Kenny is!" were the first words that crossed my lips. "I'll get square with him as soon as I can join the others again!" Alas! little did I then realize that my companions had hunted for me in vain, and that a band of Tagals had made it necessary for them to set off in their boat without me, taking with them the guilty captain, who had never opened his lips concerning his perfidy.

By the darkness I knew it was night, but what part of the night I could not determine. Yet I thought it could not be late, and that I must try to get back to the shore, no matter how much pain it cost me.

I arose to my feet to make a disheartening discovery. My left ankle was badly wrenched and much swollen, and to walk on it was out of the question. Here was a new difficulty, and I must confess that I could scarcely hold back the tears as I felt my helplessness. Perhaps this may seem childish to some of my readers, but they must remember that it is no fun to be cast away in a savage land, away from your friends, and in the condition in which I found myself.

Not without considerable pain and exertion, I dragged myself to a place of shelter beneath the overhanging rocks of the canyon. Here it was dry, and the winds had swept in a quantity of dried leaves which made a fairly comfortable couch. The exertion necessary to reach this place caused me to swoon.

When I was again myself, it was daylight, but still raining—a fine drizzle that was little more than a mist. Looking at my ankle I saw that the swelling had gone down a bit, and I presently found that I could stand upon it, although the operation was far from a pleasure. The rain had collected in a hollow close at hand, and here I got a drink and bathed my bruised head and lower extremity. I might have eaten some light food, but nothing was at hand, excepting some berries which were strange to me, and which I did not dare to touch for fear they might prove poisonous.

Slowly the hours came and went and still I remained under the cliff, a prey to many disturbing thoughts. What were my companions doing? Would they come up the canyon in search of me, or would they sail off and leave me to my fate?

Toward nightfall several shots in the distance disturbed me. They did not come from the shore, but from still further up the canyon. I listened intently, but nothing but silence succeeded the discharge of firearms.

The night which followed proved a long one. For several hours I could not get to sleep for thinking of my position, but finally I fell into a deep slumber that lasted far into the next day.

The sun was now shining brightly and the birds and insects had again taken up their songs and hummings. I arose and stretched myself, and was pleased to note that I could walk fairly well and that my brain was clear, even though my head still felt sore.

I directed my footsteps down the canyon to the seashore, coming out at the spot where I had left Dawson and the others encamped. Nothing remained but the charred embers of a camp-fire, which had been built to cook some fish.

I say nothing remained. There was something else there that filled me with horror. It

was a long Tagal spear, and its barb was covered with blood. The sands were filled with countless tracks of bare feet.

"There has been a fight here," I murmured, and ran to the water's edge. The *Mollie* was gone, but whether taken by friends or the enemy there was no telling.

For a long while I stood on the sands speculating upon the new turn of affairs. I was now left utterly alone, that was clear. What should I do?

Without a boat a journey by water was out of the question. If I tried to gain Manila by a trip overland I felt that I would either become lost in the mountains or else fall into the hands of the warlike Tagals.

"I'll follow the shore to Subig Bay," I concluded, and in an hour was on my slow and painful way, after a morning meal of half-ripe plantains which were far from palatable.

By noon I concluded that I had covered four or five miles, having had considerable difficulty in getting past the mountain which cut off the beach for the space of two or three furlongs. It was now growing so hot I was compelled to seek shelter in the forest, and here put in the time by bringing down half a dozen birds, which afforded me nearly as many meals.

The next four days were very much alike. I

continued on my way, past Iba and several other settlements. At the place named, I almost ran into the lines of the native rebels and saw a pitched battle from afar, in which, as I afterward ascertained, ten insurgents and six Spaniards were killed and twice that many were wounded.

The end of the fourth day found me at the entrance to Subig Bay, and here I rested for several hours. Lying on the north shore I saw half a dozen ships at anchor, one of which, a two-masted schooner, flew the Stars and Stripes.

"If I can get to that craft I'll be safe," I said to myself. "I'll watch her and see if anybody comes ashore."

On the following morning I saw the schooner move slowly for the entrance to Subig Bay. Running with all speed for the point of land between the bay and the China Sea, I waved my hands frantically and was at last gratified to see that somebody on board had noticed me. Presently the schooner came to anchor again, and a small boat put out for the beach.

As the boat came closer I uttered a cry of amazement and delight, for at one of the oars sat a person I had not expected to see for many days to come. It was Tom Dawson.

CHAPTER XIII.

MY FIRST ADVENTURE IN MANILA.

"Oliver Raymond, is it possible!" exclaimed the first mate of the *Dart*, as he leaped ashore and almost embraced me.

"Tom Dawson!" I ejaculated, and wrung his hand over and over again. "And how did you get on that craft out there?"

"It's a long story, lad. But where have you been these five or six days? You don't mean to say you left our party on purpose? Or did those rascally natives capture you?"

"Neither, Tom. After I left you I walked up the canyon to where there was a high cliff, and there Captain Kenny tried to do me to death." I gave him a few of the particulars. "Where is the captain now? If he's on that vessel I'll soon have him up before the court at the first civilized seaport comes to hand."

"I reckon Captain Kenny has got his deserts, Oliver. After you left us the Tagals made an unexpected attack, and Captain Kenny, Watt Brown, and Ah Sid were captured, while I and Matt Gory escaped to the boat. We didn't

make any more landings until we reached this port and rowed to the *Starlight*."

"Was Watt Brown killed or injured?"

"He was wounded, but how badly I can't say. Captain Kenny gave himself up instead of fighting, and so did that Chinaman."

"I wish it had been Captain Kenny who had been wounded," I said bluntly.

"So does somebody else," went on Dawson, and a smile flitted over his face. "Come on board, and you'll find a surprise awaiting you."

I gladly accepted the offer to come on board of the *Starlight*, which was seconded by Captain Mason, who was in charge of the jolly-boat. The row was a short one, and I was just mounting the rope ladder to the deck when a voice as from the grave hailed me.

"Is it possible that it is you, Oliver?"

"Dan!" I gasped, and stumbled over the rail. "I—I thought you were dead—drowned!"

The next moment I was in Dan Holbrook's arms and we were hugging each other like a couple of schoolgirls, while Tom Dawson and Matt Gory looked on, well pleased. The Irishman soon after shook hands.

"But, Dan, how came you here?" I questioned, when I could recover from my amazement. "Weren't you lost overboard from that small boat?"

"To be sure I was, and I came pretty close to drowning, too," answered Dan. "But I floated around and a high wave landed me right back on board of the *Dart* and there I remained, satisfied that it was as good a place as any so long as the schooner floated."

"And were you on her when the *Dart* was carried ashore?"

"I was, and what is more I did what I could toward steering her into the river mouth, where she now lies. The steering gear was all right, and I thought I might be able to save her from becoming a total wreck."

"But—but, didn't Captain Kenny attack you?"

"Did he? Indeed he did and tried to kill me by throwing me into the sea. But a Tagal saved me and made me a prisoner. I was kept in custody two days, when the Tagals had a fight with some Spanish soldiers, and I escaped in the confusion and struck out for Manila. I thought I was completely lost, when I ran across a scouting party from the *Starlight* and was taken on board by them. I had some little tropical fever, and I'm not very well yet."

This was the outline of Dan's story, which he later on told in all of its details. The story proved two things: that Captain Kenny was even a worse villain than I had supposed him to be,

and that affairs in the Philippines were more than interesting.

"The excitement at Manila is growing every day," said the captain of the *Starlight*. "I feel certain there will be a bloody war there before many months are over. I don't see how you can do any business there at present."

"I must look to some matters," I answered, and Dan said the same.

The *Starlight* was bound for Manila with a mixed cargo consigned to a Spanish firm, so Captain Mason considered himself fairly safe for the time being, as the Spaniards were strong in the town and had thus far kept the insurgents at bay. He readily agreed to take us with him, knowing the firm to which my father belonged very well.

We soon learned that both Tom Dawson and Matt Gory had shipped temporarily on the schooner, the captain being somewhat short of hands, several being sick with scurvy. An hour after I was on board the *Starlight* was moving down the coast to Manila Bay, and I was taking it easy in a hammock, satisfied that, for a few days, at least, my troubles were at an end.

The run to Manila proved without incident worthy of mention. The weather was ideal and two days after leaving Subig Bay we sailed past the grim fortress on Corregidor Island, through

the narrow channel up to the strip of land upon which is built Fort Cavité, and dropped anchor before Manila proper.

We had hardly taken our place in the shipping before a Spanish revenue cutter came dashing up, and a dark-skinned Castilian came aboard and examined our papers and made a tour of inspection about the schooner. Then we received passes to visit the city.

"Not much of a town," remarked Dan to me, as he surveyed the long line of tumble-down wharves which met our eyes, but as we got closer we beheld a good-sized city back of the wharves.

We had anchored near the mouth of the Pasig River, which divides Manila into two parts. To the south side of the river is the old town, now almost abandoned, saving for some Spanish government buildings and the like.

To the north side of the river are two districts called Binondo and Tondo, and here is where the business is done and where all of the best homes and clubs are located.

My father's firm had its offices on Escolta Street, one of the main thoroughfares of Manila, and to this we now directed our footsteps.

Our walk took us past many quaint shops, not unlike those I had seen in Hong Kong and in the Chinatown districts of San Francisco, some of which were so small that the trading had to be

done out on the sidewalk. Many of the shopkeepers were Spanish, but there were a fair sprinkling of Germans and Englishmen, intermixed with a large number of Chinese and Japanese and native Filipinos. At this time the city had a population of something less than a hundred thousand, and of these less than five thousand were Europeans and less than five hundred Americans.

The streets were filled with Spanish soldiers who eyed us sharply as we passed them.

"It doesn't look peaceful-like, does it?" remarked Dan, as we hurried along.

"Not much!" I returned. "It looks as if everybody was waiting for somebody else to knock the chip off of his shoulder, so to speak."

"If the natives were thoroughly organized in this rebellion they could wipe the Spaniards out in no time, to my way of thinking," I said. "I reckon they don't know their power."

"You are right, Oliver, the Tagals can whip the Spaniards, I am sure of that. And I think they ought to be free."

"So do I. The islands belong to them."

"Yes, and——" Dan broke off short. "Hurry up, it looks as if it was going to rain," and he caught me by the arm.

I understood perfectly well why he had so quickly changed the subject. Both of us had

noted that a villainous-looking Spaniard was following us and drinking in every word we said. His face showed that he understood English and now he clung to us closer than ever, as we turned a corner and came to the long, low building in which were situated the offices of Raymond, Holbrook & Smith.

"Dan Holbrook, how do you do!" cried a tall young man as he rushed forward and caught my companion by the hand. "Why, I thought you had gone down with the wreck of the *Dart*."

The clerk of our firm, for such he proved to be, was named Harry Longley, and I was speedily introduced to him, and both Dan and I told our stories. Longley had heard of the wrecking of the *Dart* twenty-four hours before.

"It's too bad you lost your money and those documents," he said to me. "We ought to have those papers, they will settle a case over some land which has been in litigation here for two years. You see, these Spaniards are trying to squeeze us out if they possibly can."

"But what of this rebellion here?" I questioned.

"We haven't felt much of it so far, but I expect we will before long. All of our time has been taken up in our difficulties with the Spaniards, who are trying to force us out of business. They are taxing us in a way that is outrageous."

"But where is Mr. Cass?" asked Dan, referring to the manager at Manila.

"He has gone to one of the other islands on business."

Our talk on business and other matters lasted for fully an hour. My main concern was for the papers and money left on board of the *Dart*, but Harry Longley could give me no advice as to how I might get them back.

"The Spaniards cannot control the natives up the coast," he said. "And the only thing I can see is for Captain Kenny to organize a large body of men and take the vessel away by force."

At that instant the door to the office opened, and the Spaniard who had followed us up from the wharf came in, followed by four soldiers.

"There they are," he said in Spanish, pointing to Dan and me. "Arrest them as rebel sympathizers!"

And then the four soldiers advanced upon my companion and me to make us prisoners.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ESCAPE FROM THE PRISON.

“What does this mean?” demanded Dan, who understood what was said, even though I did not.

“What is up, Dan?” I queried.

“They want to arrest us as rebel sympathizers.”

“Great Caesar’s ghost! Why, we——”

“We talked too much on the street. Don’t you remember?”

By this time the four soldiers had advanced upon us until we were penned in one corner of the office.

In vain Harry Longley expostulated. The Spanish spy who had followed us would not listen and demanded our immediate arrest.

I must confess that the sudden turn of affairs confused me. I had yet to learn the real blessings of “free speech,” as we understand it in the United States.

“You are in a pickle, truly,” said the clerk.
“I hope they can’t prove anything against you.”

"I suppose we did talk a little too much," I answered bitterly. "What will they do with us?"

"They'll do what they please, from fining you a dollar or two to shooting you over in the Lunetta," answered Longley. The Lunetta is a public park, and here more than one rebel had already been executed.

"Supposing I decline to be arrested?" I went on.

"You'll run the risk of being shot on the spot."

By this time two of the soldiers had caught me by the arms. The other two made Dan their prisoner.

We tried to argue, but all to no purpose, the Spaniard who had made the charge stating that we could do our talking when brought up before the court.

"We may as well march along," said Dan helplessly. "These fellows evidently mean business."

"I'm not going to prison if I can help it," I answered desperately.

"We will see about zat!" cried the Spanish spy. "March, or I order ze men to shoot!"

"I shall escape the first chance I get," I whispered to Dan.

"So will I," answered my companion, and a

look passed between us which each understood thoroughly.

"I'll help you if I can," whispered Harry Longley.

He was permitted to say no more, indeed, it was hardly safe to say anything, the Spanish spy being half of a mind to arrest the clerk, too.

We were marched from the office by a back way and across a narrow street lined with warehouses. Here we came in contact with a number of native and Chinese laborers, who eyed us curiously, but said nothing. As a matter of fact, arrests of foreigners were becoming frequent in Manila.

Ten minutes of walking brought us to a fine building—at least fine in comparison to those which surrounded it. This was the jail in which we were to be confined until brought up for a hearing.

We entered the jail yard through a gate to a tall iron fence. Beyond was a wide, gloomy corridor, the lower floor of the jail being on a level with the street. A guard passed us after hearing what the spy had to say, and we were conducted to a room in the rear.

"What a horrible place," were my first words to Dan, as I gazed around at our surroundings. The room was filled with the smoke of the ever-

present cigarette, for it must be remembered that in the Philippines women as well as men smoke. To this smell of tobacco was added that of cooking with garlic, for garlic is the one vegetable that is never missing from the pot.

A dozen prisoners stood and sat around, some in deep anger and others in sullen silence. One, an Englishman, was nearly crazy.

"Hi'll show them who Hi am!" he bawled. "Hi'll sue them for a 'undred thousand pounds damages, so Hi will!"

"What did they arrest you for?" I asked.

"What for? Nothing, young man, absolutely nothing. Hi said it was a beastly country, not fit for a 'og to live in, and then they collared me. But Hi'll show them, blast me hif Hi don't!" and he began to pace the floor at a ten-mile-an-hour gait. Soon a guard came in and threatened him with a club, and he collapsed in a corner.

There were no seats vacant, and Dan and I took up our places near a window, which was barred with half a dozen rusty-looking iron sticks set in mortar which was decidedly crumbly. As we stood there I tried one of the bars and found I could wrench it loose with ease. I mentioned the fact to Dan.

"Look out of the window and tell me what you see," he returned, and I looked.

"I see a guard at the corner of the jail and another near the fence."

"Exactly, and both armed with Mauser rifles, eh?"

"They are certainly armed."

"Then what chance would we stand to escape, even if we pulled those bars from the window?"

"A good chance—at night, when they couldn't see us."

"By Jove, Oliver, that's an idea worth remembering. But we must be careful, or——"

Dan did not finish, for he had noticed that a fellow prisoner was listening intently to all which was said.

"He may not be a prisoner at all," he said later on. "He may be another Spanish spy. My idea is that the woods are full of them."

"I've no doubt but that you are right," I returned.

The day passed slowly and so did that which followed. We had expected an immediate hearing, but it did not come.

"I don't like this," growled my companion. "Every prisoner is entitled to appear before the court. I shall demand a hearing at once, or appeal to the American consul for aid."

Accordingly he notified the jailer that we wanted to see somebody in authority without delay.

For reply the Spaniard grinned meaningly and shrugged his shoulders.

"Señor must wait," he said, in broken English. "All de court verra busy; no can hear you till next week."

"But I demand a hearing," insisted Dan. "If I don't get it I shall write to our American consul about it."

"Write to consul, eh? Who carry de lettair, señor? Not me surely," and with another grin the jailer walked away and left us to ourselves. We now realized how it was—we were in the hands of enemies who would do with us just as they saw fit.

The next day it began to rain and by nightfall it was pouring down steadily. There was neither thunder nor lightning and the firmament was, to use an old simile, as black as ink. Supper was served to us at seven o'clock, a beef, rice, and garlic stew that neither of us could touch. "I'll rather starve," was Dan's comment.

By ten o'clock the majority of the prisoners were sound asleep, the Englishman snoring loudly and several others keeping in chorus with him. "Let them snore," said I, "it will help drown any noise we may make."

Dan and I had secured our places directly beneath the window previously mentioned, and now, standing on tiptoes, we worked at the bars

with an old fork and a rusty spoon we had managed to secrete from our jailer.

Ten minutes of twisting and turning and I had one iron bar loose, and using this as a pry we soon forced three others, and then the opening thus afforded was large enough to admit the passage of a man's body.

"Now out we go!" I whispered. "I'll drop first and, if the coast is clear, I'll whisper to you and you come, but wake the others first, so that they can have a chance to escape. The more get away the better it will be for us to escape recapture."

I leaped to the window sill, turned and dropped outside. All was deserted around the window and I gave a soft whistle. Instantly Dan followed me, after kicking half a dozen in their sides to wake them up. "Out of the window, all of you!" I heard him cry, and then he landed beside me, and both of us ran for the high iron fence I have previously described.

"*Halte!*" came the sudden command, in Spanish, and from out of the gloom emerged a guard, with pointed gun. He must have seen Dan, for he ran full tilt at my companion.

Seeing this I made a circle and came up in his rear. With a quick leap I was on him, placed my hands over his mouth and bore him to the

ground. Then Dan leaped in and we tore his gun from his grasp.

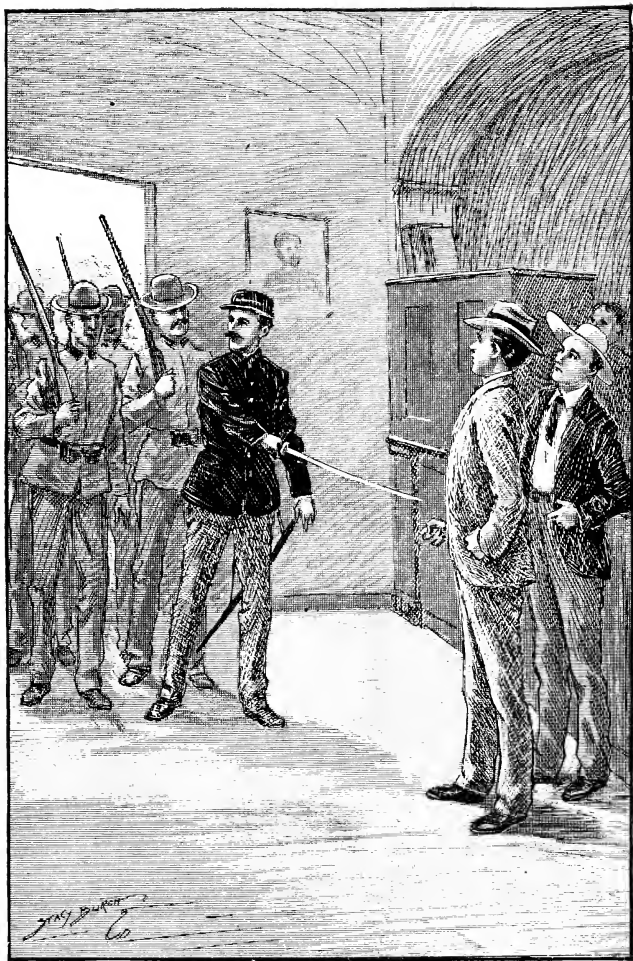
"Silence, on your life!" said Dan, and the fellow must have understood, for he did not utter a sound. Then we continued to the fence, and, not without some trouble, leaped over.

By this time the alarm had broken out in the jail and several lights flared up. The other prisoners must have tried to escape, for we heard a wild yelling and half a dozen shots. The latter aroused the entire neighborhood, and citizens and soldiers came running in from all directions.

"We've got to leg it now!" I cried. "Come on, Dan."

"But in what direction?" he gasped, for climbing the tall fence had deprived him of his wind.

"Any direction is better than staying here. Come," and I caught him by the hand. By this time we heard several soldiers making after us, and away we went at the best speed at our command.



“THERE THEY ARE,” HE SAID IN SPANISH, POINTING TO DAN AND ME, “ARREST THEM AS REBEL SYMPATHIZERS.”

CHAPTER XV.

BACK TO HONG KONG.

The main streets of Manila are but few in number. There are two devoted largely to business, and three or four that have some handsome residences and public buildings upon them. But all of the other highways, so-styled, are simply what in a United States city would be styled alleyways, the sidewalks being but two or three feet wide and the wagon way just about broad enough for two hand carts to pass each other. On each side, the ramshackle dwellings project over the walks, cutting off light and air that are absolutely essential to health and cleanliness.

Dan and I had to cross one of the main streets, but this passed, we lost no time in diving into an alleyway that was as dark as Erebus. On and on we went until we brought up plump against the broadside of a warehouse.

"We can't go any further," I exclaimed.

"Can it be possible that we've got into a blind pocket?" queried Dan. "Come over here."

I did as requested, and soon learned that we had indeed entered what the French call a *cul-*

de-sac. On all sides were warehouses, and the only opening to the narrow highway was that by which we had entered.

"The soldiers are coming!" I whispered, after listening. "Can't you hear their footsteps?"

"I can, Oliver. Hang me if I know what to do. I wish I had that gun," Dan went on, for he had thrown the Mauser rifle away.

I ran up to the warehouse and felt of the boards. Soon I came to the casement of an upper doorway, an opening used for hoisting goods in and out of the warehouse. I snatched at the lower edge, pulled myself up, and soon stood in the frame, which was five or six inches deep.

"Come up here," I whispered to Dan, and helped him to a position beside me. Once we were in the doorway, we pressed as far back as possible and waited.

Soon three soldiers came up, one carrying a lantern and all armed with rifles. All talked excitedly in Spanish, but it was in a Luzon dialect and even Dan could not understand them.

The soldiers searched around the alleyway for fully ten minutes, and once almost flashed the lantern rays up into our faces. But we remained undiscovered, and presently they ran out of the *cul-de-sac*, thinking they had not tracked us aright.

"Gosh, that was a narrow escape!" I murmured, when they had departed.

"Don't crow, Oliver; we are not yet out of the woods. Those fellows may be waiting for us up there," and Dan pointed to the alley's entrance.

"I wonder what sort of a building this is," I went on, and turning around began an examination of the door. Presently my hand touched a rude wooden latch and the door fell back, sending us flying onto a floor white with flour and dirty with a dozen other kinds of merchandise.

Shutting the door behind us, we pushed our way among numerous boxes and barrels until we came to the front of the warehouse. Here there was a long, low shed, extending to a dock fronting the Pasig River. The shed was also filled with merchandise, and at the end of the dock lay half a dozen lighters such as the Filipinos use in carrying goods from the river docks to the large vessels lying in Manila harbor.

"We are on the Pasig," announced Dan. He read the inscriptions on several of the boxes. "This warehouse belongs to an English firm named Carley & Stewart, and these goods are consigned by them to Hong Kong, per steamer *Cardigan*."

"The *Cardigan*!" I exclaimed. "Why, she sails to-morrow. I saw the announcement on a card down at the office."

“ If that’s the case it will be a good chance to get back to Hong Kong, Oliver.”

“ I don’t want to go to Hong Kong yet, Dan. I want to get my rights.”

“ So do I, but——”

“ But what? ”

“ You know how we fared at the prison. Supposing we are caught again? That spy will swear we are rebel sympathizers, and then it will go hard with us, you may be certain of that.”

We talked the matter over for fully an hour, sitting on a couple of boxes in the long shed. Then both of us grew sleepy and resolved to remain where we were and let the morrow take care of itself.

At daylight several workmen put in appearance, among them an Englishman who looked as if he would prove friendly. Watching our opportunity we called him to one side, and made a clean breast of the situation.

“ My advice is to get on board of the *Cardigan* by all means,” he said. “ Don’t you know that you Americans are going to have a lot of trouble with these Spaniards now the *Maine* has been blown up? ”

This was the first we had heard of the destruction of the *Maine*, and we asked him for particulars. The Englishman knew but little, yet he

said that the Americans held to it that the Spaniards had done the dastardly deed.

"And I shouldn't wonder but that may mean war for your country," he added.

"If war come, Spain will get whipped badly," returned Dan.

The young Englishman brought us some breakfast, and we at last decided to go on board of the *Cardigan*. "But don't tell the captain you escaped from prison," he said. "If you do, he won't dare take you off. Secure your passages and then turn up missing when the revenue officers come on board."

This we considered excellent advice and followed it out. A lighter, loaded with hemp bales, took us to the steamer, an ocean "tramp" of 2000 tons' burden, and we lost no time in presenting ourselves to Captain Montgomery.

"Want passage to Hong Kong, eh?" he said. "Why don't you go on the regular mail steamers?"

"We have some private reasons," answered Dan. "What will the passage money be?"

Captain Montgomery studied our faces for a moment.

"Aren't criminals, are you?" he said sharply.

"Do we look like criminals?" I demanded.

"Can't go by looks nowadays, lad. Last year

I had a man beat me out of twenty pounds and he looked like a parson, he did indeed."

"We are not criminals," answered Dan. "We want to get out of Manila for political reasons, if you must know."

"Americans, eh?"

"Yes, sir—and not ashamed to own it."

Captain Montgomery held out his hands.

"I'll see you through, boys. I've got a bit of American blood in me, too, on my mother's side. Twelve pounds apiece takes you straight to our dock in Hong Kong,—and no more questions asked."

As we were out of funds we had to consider what would be best to do about paying the twenty-four pounds. I solved the difficulty by addressing a note to Harry Longley asking an advance of thirty pounds, to be put in Captain Montgomery's care. This would leave Dan and me three pounds each—about fifteen dollars—until we were safe in Hong Kong once more. The message was carried by an under officer of the *Cardigan*, and the money was obtained from our Manila representative without trouble, Longley being glad to learn of our escape.

The *Cardigan* was to leave her anchorage in front of Manila at four o'clock in the afternoon, and an hour before that time hatches were closed and the Spanish revenue officers came on board

for a look around. There was an Englishman, his wife, and three children on the deck.

"Who are those?" asked the leading revenue officer.

"They are to be passengers," answered Captain Montgomery. "Unless you say they can't go."

"Who are they?"

The officer was told and the Englishman was brought up for inspection. Apparently it was all right, and after a tour of the steamer, the Spaniards left.

Dan and I had meanwhile waited in the cabin in much anxiety. We remained below for the balance of the day, and when we came up late in the evening, the lights of Corregidor Island shone far behind and we were standing out boldly into the China Sea.

"Good-by to Luzon!" I cried. "My stay on that island was short and bitter."

"I wonder if we will ever see the Philippines again?" mused Dan.

"Perhaps so, Dan. I don't much care. But I would like to get my things from the *Dart*."

"So would I, Oliver. But even such a loss is preferable to a long term spent in a Spanish prison."

"True, but——" I drew a long breath. "I

want to get square with those Dons, as they call them, and with 'Captain Kenny.'

The weather was of the finest, and day after day passed quickly, as the *Cardigan* skimmed over the sea on her northwest course. As we sat on the deck in our camp-chairs I wondered what would happen when we got to Hong Kong, and if trouble would really come between Spain and the United States because of the destruction of the *Maine* and the war in Cuba. Little did I dream of all the fierce fighting that was so close at hand, and of the parts Dan and I were to play in the coming contest.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE OPENING OF THE WAR.

"Here we are at last, Oliver! I declare the place looks like home to me, after being away so long!"

It was Dan who spoke, as the *Cardigan* steamed up to her wharf at the Chinese-English port for which she had been bound. The voyage had proved without incident, and we stepped from the ship feeling in the best of health, despite the many adventures through which we had passed.

"It certainly looks more friendly than Manila did," I returned, as I gazed at the long line of shipping. "I wonder what your folks will say when they hear our story."

"Perhaps Harry Longley has succeeded in getting a cablegram through," was the answer. "The Spaniards are cute, but, you know, we have a secret code."

Leaving the *Cardigan*, we walked up the broad wharf and on the street. Not far away was a booth at which foreign periodicals were sold.

Around this booth a number of men were congregated, talking excitedly.

"War has been declared between the United States and Spain!" were the first words which reached my ears.

"Can that be true?" I burst out.

Dan did not answer, but pushed his way to the stand, and bought a copy of the latest paper to be had.

"Yes, the war is practically on," he said, scanning the sheet. "Here is a dispatch from Washington. Havana, Cuba, is about to be blockaded."

"And the army is to be called out," I said, looking over his shoulder. "Oh, Dan, what about Manila now,—and our business?"

"Let us hurry to my father's office," answered my chum, and thrusting the paper in his pocket he stalked down the street and I after him.

The office of Raymond, Holbrook & Smith was a pretentious one of stone, located on a main corner of Hong Kong. Entering, we found Mr. Holbrook deep in some accounts.

"Dan!" he cried, and caught his son by both hands. "I was afraid you were dead,—that you had gone down with the *Dart*."

"Then you have heard of the foundering, father?"

"Yes, a cablegram came in a few days ago.

And you, Oliver, too! I am thankful to Heaven that you both are safe!" and he shook hands.

"We had a good many adventures," said the son, as we seated ourselves.

"No doubt. Tell me your story."

What we had to say occupied the best part of an hour, and then it was lunch time and the three of us went to eat. Mr. Holbrook was very much perplexed.

"This war will upset everything," he said. "We are already cut off from Manila."

"By cablegram?" I queried.

"Yes, and by mail, too. A message I offered yesterday was refused, and I was given to understand that no letter to an American firm would be delivered."

"Is the war to be carried on away out here?" I cried, struck with a sudden idea.

"It will be carried on wherever the armies and navies of Spain and America may meet," was the serious reply. "This war is to be no child's play."

"Well, we can't do much out here," said Dan. "We have no soldiers closer than those at San Francisco."

"We have a number of warships in these waters, my son—I looked into that matter last night."

"American men-o'-war?" I put in, with interest.

"Yes, five or six of them, commanded by Commodore Dewey."

"Where are the ships?"

"Here at Hong Kong, presumably awaiting orders from Washington."

"And have the Spaniards any war vessels about the Philippines?" asked Dan.

"Yes, they have a fleet under the command of a certain Admiral Montojo."

"And what if these two fleets meet?"

"There will be a big fight, my boy, and who will come off victorious there is no telling."

"We'll win!" I cried. "I don't believe those Spaniards can whip us."

"We mustn't be over-confident, Oliver, even if we hope for the best. But this war is a bad thing for our house, and the loss of those documents you were carrying makes matters still worse." Mr. Holbrook scratched his head in perplexity. "I am afraid our Manila connection will become a total loss to us."

"Have we much money invested there?"

"Something like forty or forty-five thousand dollars. The Spanish sugar planters who have bought machinery of us won't pay a dollar now."

"Unless we come out ahead in this war—and

we will come out ahead," put in Dan. "Hang it all, but I feel like fighting myself!"

"So do I!" I cried. "I wish we had some soldiers out here, I would join them, and sail for Manila and demand our rights."

At this outburst Mr. Holbrook smiled. "You are very enthusiastic. Soldiering is not such a holiday-making as you may imagine."

"We couldn't have any worse experience than we have had among those dirty Tagals," I answered. "I want to get back there, and get square with those Spaniards, and with that villainous Captain Kenny."

The conversation continued for the best part of the afternoon, but without definite results. As it drew toward evening, Dan and I accompanied Mr. Holbrook to the latter's home, where we were warmly received by Mrs. Holbrook and the other members of the family.

Mr. Holbrook had expected to go out in the evening, on a matter of business, but was not feeling well, and presently asked Dan if he would like to carry a note to a friend's house for him.

"Why, certainly I'll go," answered the son, and I said I would accompany him.

The letter was soon written and handed over, and we started out, down the broad street and then through half a dozen narrow and crooked thoroughfares belonging to the ancient portion

of Hong Kong. The friend lived the best part of a mile away, and we did not reach his residence until after nine o'clock.

The message delivered, we started on our return. It had been dark and threatening a storm, but instead of rain a heavy mist crept up from the China Sea, through which the scattered street lights shone like tiny yellow candles.

"It's beastly," remarked Dan, as he buttoned up his coat around his neck. "I shall be glad when we are safe home and in bed. My, how good it will feel to get back into my own bed again!"

"It will beat sleeping in a dirty Tagal hut, won't it?" I laughed.

"Indeed it will, Oliver. That experience was—" Dan broke off short. "What's that?"

A loud cry came from behind, a man's voice.

"Help, help! Murder! help!"

"Somebody is in trouble!" I ejaculated.

"What had we best do?"

The question remained unanswered in words, but both of us broke into a run, heading as closely as we could for the spot from whence the cry came.

The mist confused us not a little, and as the cries ceased we paused in perplexity.

"Where are you?" I yelled.

"What's up?" added Dan.

“This way! Help!” came more feebly.
“The heathens are trying to murder me!”

The words came from the entrance to a narrow alleyway, along which were situated several Chinese gambling houses. As we sped along, I caught up a stone that lay handy, and Dan pulled out a pistol he had procured before starting out, for in Hong Kong it is a common thing to go armed.

We were but a few feet from the scene of the encounter when a Chinaman plumped into me, sending me headlong. But as I went down I caught the Celestial by the foot, and he fell.

The shock dazed me for an instant, and before I could recover the Chinaman had me by the throat.

“Let—let up!” I gasped, and as he did not I grabbed him by the ear, at which he let out a scream of pain. Then, in a twinkling, a dagger was flashed before my eyes, and I felt as if my last moment on earth had come.

CHAPTER XVII.

I MEET COMMODORE DEWEY.

“ Help! ”

That was but the single word I uttered as the sharp blade dangled before my eyes and burnt itself on my brain. I felt that I was about to die—that an unknown Chinese assassin was about to slay me.

But in a twinkling the scene changed. Dan heard me go down, stopped, and turned back.

“ Let him alone or I will shoot! ” he cried, in Chinese, for he had picked up a good deal of the language while living in Hong Kong. His pistol came out, and the muzzle was thrust upon the Celestial’s yellow neck.

The touch of the cold barrel of steel seemed to paralyze the Chinaman, and he fell back. “ No shoot! ” he mumbled. “ No shoot! ” And picking himself up, he sped away in the gloom as if a demon was after him.

“ The cowardly sneak! ” cried my chum. “ If he—come! ”

Another cry ahead had rung out, and away he

went, with me behind him. My heart was in a flutter, not knowing what was coming next.

But soon the whole cause of the trouble was revealed. An American naval officer had been waylaid by three Chinese footpads. One had run away—the fellow I had encountered—but the others remained, and they had the officer on his back and were going through his pockets.

“Let up, or I will shoot!” said Dan, and flourished his pistol. At the same moment I stumbled over the officer’s sword and picked it up.

“Shoot them! the villains!” moaned the officer. He had received a heavy cut over the temple from which the blood flowed profusely.

“Stop, I say,” commanded Dan, and now the two Celestials turned. One aimed a blow at Dan, but I cut him short with the sword. Then my chum fired, and the rascal dropped his club, and of a sudden both took to their heels and disappeared in the darkness and mist.

We followed the Chinamen for a distance of fifty feet, then returned to the officer, to find that he had sunk down beside a wall in a heap. His eyes were closed and he did not move.

“He looks as if he was dead,” said Dan soberly. “He’s got an awful cut over the eye.”

“Perhaps he has only fainted,” I returned. “Let us bind his head up without delay.”

We took our handkerchiefs and strips from the linings of our coats and set to work instantly, meanwhile laying the officer down on a patch of soft dirt close to the wall. We had just finished binding up the wound, when the sufferer stirred.

"Help!" he murmured. "Oh, my poor head!"

"You are safe, sir," I said. "The Chinamen have fled."

"Is that true? Thank God! They wanted to kill me for the few pounds I have in my pocket."

"Are you wounded otherwise than in the head?" asked Dan.

"I—yes—one of them hit me in the leg, the left one,—it pains a good deal. Oh, my head!" And the officer fell back once more.

I proceeded to make him as comfortable as possible, while Dan scurried around for some water. In the meantime the houses and shops in the neighborhood remained closed, having been shut up at the first signs of an encounter. In Hong Kong, if anything goes wrong, the native inhabitants always pretend to know nothing about it.

When the officer felt strong enough to talk connectedly he told us that he was Clare Todd, belonging to the cruiser *Olympia*, of Commodore Dewey's squadron.

"I am a lieutenant of marines," he explained. "I am on shore leave, stopping with my aunt, Mrs. Nelson, on Queen Street. Why these footpads attacked me I do not know."

"One of us had best call a carriage," said Dan. "You can't walk to your aunt's home."

"I do not wish to go back to my aunt's. I must report for duty on the flagship without delay, for our squadron has orders to leave Hong Kong as soon as possible, on account of the war, and this being a neutral port."

"More of the war," smiled Dan grimly. "Well, supposing we have you taken to the dock?"

"That will suit very well. But who are you who have done me such a great service?"

"My friend can tell you that, while I hunt up the carriage," said Dan. "Look out for more footpads," he added, and hurried away.

I soon introduced myself and told Lieutenant Todd about Dan. He had often heard of the firm of Raymond, Holbrook & Smith, and had met Mr. Holbrook once, in San Francisco.

"I shall always remember you for what you have done for me," he said warmly. "It was brave."

Soon Dan came with the carriage, a curious turnout, which, however, need not be described here. As the lieutenant was in no condition to

travel alone, we agreed to accompany him to the dock at which he said one of the small boats belonging to the *Olympia* was in waiting, not only for him, but for half a dozen others.

The drive was a short one through the dark and almost deserted streets. When the dock was gained, we found that a steam launch was there, in command of an under-officer and three men.

"Well, well, Todd, you've had quite an adventure!" exclaimed the officer of the launch, who seemed to be a personal friend of the marine. "It's a lucky thing these Yankee lads came to the rescue."

"That is true, Porter. They are as brave as lions."

"Then they had better enlist with us," was the laughing reply. "We need that sort of backbone, now."

"I'd like to enlist with you first-rate!" I burst out. "Especially if you sail for Manila to wake the Spaniards up there."

"I reckon we'll hunt up old Montojo, wherever he is, young man. As soon as he gets sailing orders, Commodore Dewey won't give him one bit of rest."

So the talk ran on for several minutes, and then several other officers arrived, among them Commodore Dewey himself, a well-built gentle-

man of about sixty, of fine naval bearing. He looked greatly surprised to see Clare Todd with his head tied up.

"You want to be careful in the future," he said, when the lieutenant of marines had told his story. "We can't afford to lose any men just now. So these lads assisted you?"

"They did, Commodore, and they are as plucky lads as I ever met."

"Oh, our American lads are always plucky!" smiled the commodore, who, as I afterward learned, was one of the most warm-hearted of commanders.

"Commodore Dewey, I hope you are going to Manila to settle the Spaniards there!" I burst out impulsively.

"Are you particularly interested in having me go to Manila?" was the somewhat quick question put in return.

"I am, sir," and in a few words I explained why.

"Well, there is no telling where we may get before this war is over, Raymond," he said, when I had finished. "I shall certainly do all in my power to protect American interests, wherever they may be. But we must be off now." He turned to the under-officer in charge of the steam launch. "Cast off from shore!"

"Good-by!" shouted Clare Todd, and we said

good-by in return, and leaped to the wharf. There we stood still to watch the departure of the launch, but the craft did not budge.

"What's the matter?" demanded the commodore, as he saw the engineer working over the miniature engine.

"The valve is out of order, sir," was the answer. "We ought to have a new one."

"Can't you run the launch back to the ship?"

"I'll try my best, sir."

I listened to this bit of conversation with interest, for, as I mentioned before, I was deeply interested in engines. As the engineer continued to work over the parts I came closer.

"Excuse me, but won't you let me take a look at that engine?" I said. "I know how these things are built."

"Certainly you can look at it," answered the commodore, and once more I leaped on board.

"Can't do anything with a split part," growled the engineer, a fellow named Graves. "A boy like you——" He did not finish, but looked a good deal disgusted.

I took the lantern and got down on my knees. The cap over the valve was split, as he had said, and something had shifted below. It was certainly a "teasing" breakdown, but, luckily, I had seen such a fracture remedied before.

"A clamp over the plate will do the business," I said.

"Yes, but there is no clamp on board," was the answer.

"Have you a couple of wrenches?"

"We have one wrench."

"And a coil of wire?"

"Yes, there is wire."

"Then that will do. Here, we will clamp up this end first, and bind it with wire. Then we'll clamp this end up, and leave the wrench on, and I'll wager you can carry a half pressure of steam easily."

"I don't think," began Graves, when the commodore silenced him.

"Try the boy's scheme," he said, for he had studied a little of steam engineering himself, at Annapolis, years before.

It did not take long to put my plan into operation, I looking to it that the wire was wound just as I wanted it, and the wrench set in exactly the right place. Steam was all ready, and when I had concluded, the engine carried a few pounds over half pressure without a sign of giving way.

"She's all right now," I said. "Only watch that wrench and see that it doesn't slip."

"I declare, you're quite a genius!" laughed the commodore. "I think I had better take you with me."

"All right; I'll go!" I answered, half in jest and half in earnest. "I know something about guns as well as about engines."

"You are certainly the kind we want," was the pleasant response. "Good-night, and good-by until we meet again!" And as the steam launch moved away, the commodore waved his hand pleasantly, and Dan and I took off our hats to him in return. Soon the darkness swallowed up the little craft.

"Dan, I wish I was going with him!" I burst out impulsively. "A cruise on a man-o'-war, especially in war times, would just suit me."

"So say I, Oliver," answered my chum. "Hurrah for the American Navy!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE FIGHTING ENGINEER.

That night I slept but little. Strange as it may seem, I could not get Commodore Dewey's face out of my mind. I thought of him continually, with his trim naval uniform and well-polished sword and scabbard. He was certainly a splendid specimen of an American naval gentleman.

"Why don't you go to sleep," asked Dan, who roomed with me at his home. "You've been tumbling and tossing for a couple of hours. Was that encounter with the Chinamen too much for you?"

"No, I was thinking of Commodore Dewey, Dan."

"What! Why, I was thinking of him myself. Say, do you know, Oliver, that his flagship, the *Olympia*, is one of the finest cruisers in our navy?"

"I have never seen her."

"I saw her once, a few months ago. She is immense; and so are the other ships under his command, especially the *Boston*."

"That's only an aggravation—if a fellow can't board her."

"Do you really and truly want to enlist?"

"If we are going to have war I would like to see some of it. My grandfather fought in the Mexican War and my uncle was killed at Look-out Mountain, in our Civil War. So, you see, I've got fighting blood in me. Besides, if Commodore Dewey goes to the Philippines——"

"We may get a chance to retrieve our fallen fortunes?"

"Exactly, Dan. I wouldn't like any better fun than to give those Manila Spaniards what they deserve for placing us under arrest."

"I am with you there, Oliver. But"—Dan gave a deep yawn—"let's go to sleep now," and in a minute more he was in the land of dreams, while I was dreaming in another way, of a proud-looking warship, with myself behind a long gun, in a cloud of smoke, fighting as I had never fought before, for the honor of the glorious Stars and Stripes.

The next day was a busy one for Dan and an idle one for myself. In the afternoon I met several American sailors from the *Boston*, another of Commodore Dewey's squadron, and being in a talkative mood they filled me up with tales of gallantry on shipboard, and sent me back to Mr. Holbrook's place more determined than ever to enlist on the *Olympia* or the *Boston*.

That evening Mr. Holbrook, Dan, and I held a long talk, lasting until midnight. It was on the subject of our being able to join those on board of the American squadron, provided that squadron sailed for the Philippines. Mr. Holbrook did not care greatly to let us go, but thought that perhaps it would do no harm to let each get a taste of life in the navy.

"I will take you out to the squadron myself and see if I can gain a personal interview with either the commodore or the captain," he said, and so it was decided.

My heart bounded wildly over the prospect. Somehow I felt it "in my bones" that I would join the navy, and so it turned out, to cut a long story short. We went over in a small boat which Mr. Holbrook hired, and were accorded a long interview by both the commodore and the kind-hearted Captain Wildes of the *Boston*.

As Lieutenant Todd had said, the Asiatic Squadron had orders to leave Hong Kong, and was bound for Mirs Bay; so, if we were to go along, no time was to be lost in preparing for our departure. We accordingly hurried back to Dan's house with all speed, packed our valises, and came back by nightfall.

I had been on a warship before, but the *Boston*, on which we were placed, with her steel decks, heavy military masts, and long guns in-

terested me greatly. We soon made ourselves at home, and before we left Mirs Bay, on that never-to-be-forgotten trip to Manila Bay, both of us knew the craft from stem to stern.

We found the crew truly American—"to the backbone"—as Dan expressed it. One old gunner, named Roundstock, took a great interest in us, and told us a great deal about the squadron.

"We've got four cruisers and three gunboats," he said. "They are as fine as you'll find 'em anywhere, although, to be sure, we are turning out ships better and better every day. If we meet those Spaniards we'll give 'em a tough tussle, and don't you forget it!" And he shook his head to show that he meant what he said.

As we were not exactly enlisted for the cruise, we had not to attend the numerous drills on board, although we trained at the guns and with small-arms, and I took many a trip below to the engine rooms. In the engine rooms I met Bill Graves again, he having been transferred from the flagship. He scowled at me silently, and when I attempted to talk to him, turned his back and walked away.

"That fellow has no use for you," observed Dan, when I told him about Graves.

"I believe you there. But it is silly for him

to get mad simply because I showed him how to fix up the launch engine."

"He is jealous of you, especially as Commodore Dewey complimented you on your work, Oliver."

The second night on board of the man-o'-war proved a nasty one, and it looked as if we would have to pull up anchors and move out of the bay, for fear of having a sudden wind send us ashore. Yet Commodore Dewey hated to get too far from shore, for he was awaiting final orders before sailing in quest of the Spanish fleet.

"This is enough to make one sick," I observed to Dan. "I would rather sleep on shore to-night."

Bill Graves was passing us at the time, and a sneer showed itself on his lip.

"You're a fine landlubber to be on one of Uncle Sam's men-o'-war," he sniffed.

The remark nettled me, and I swung around quickly and caught him by the shoulder.

"See here, Graves," I said. "I have no quarrel with you, but if you want to act nasty let me tell you that you had better take care."

"Humph! Do you think I am afraid of you?" he blustered.

"I'll let you know that you can't bully me,

that's all. I want you to keep your remarks to yourself."

"I'll say what I please."

"Not about me."

"Won't I? Who will stop me?"

"I will."

"Go and blab, I suppose?"

"No; I'm not of the blabbing kind."

"Do you mean to say you'll fight?"

"Perhaps I will."

"You whipper-snapper!" he cried in a rage.
"Take that for a lesson!"

He struck out heavily, and had I not been on the alert I would have caught his fist on my nose and gone down. But I leaped to one side and his hand merely grazed my shoulder.

By this time my blood was up, and, leaping in, I landed one blow on his chest and another on his mouth, which latter drew blood and loosened two of his teeth. I had taken several lessons in the art of self-defense and these now stood me in good stead. My blows sent him staggering up against a gun, where he stood gazing at me in bewildered astonishment.

"Wha—what did you do that for?" he spluttered, spitting out some blood.

"I warned you to take care," I answered coolly.

"A mill! A mill!" cried half a dozen jack

tars standing by, while Dan came running up to learn what the row was about.

"Don't fight, Oliver," said my chum, in a low voice. "They'll lock you up in the brig, if you do."

"He began it, Dan. I only defended myself. If he——"

I had no time to say more, for, watching his chance, Bill Graves leaped in again, this time hitting me on the cheek, a blow that almost floored me.

"Take that!" he hissed. "I'll teach you!"

"A man against a boy! That aint fair!" was the cry from several sailors and gunners. "Let up, Graves."

"I won't let up. He's too fresh, and I'm going to teach him his place."

By this time I had recovered and was standing my ground once more. Again the engineer came on, but as he struck out I parried the blow and let drive first with my right fist and then my left. Both blows landed on his chin, and over he went like a ten-pin struck down on an alley.

"Graves is down!"

"Those were two neat blows, eh?"

"That boy knows how to take care of himself, I take it."

Such were some of the remarks which passed around. Half stunned, Bill Graves arose slowly

to his feet and looked around sheepishly. Without giving him time to get his second wind I confronted him.

"Have you had enough, or do you want more?" I demanded.

"I—I—don't you hit me again," he stammered.

"Have you had enough?"

"I don't want to fight—it's against the rules of the ship."

"Then what did you want to start it for?"

"I didn't start it; you started it yourself," he muttered, and before I could say more hurried away and out of sight in the direction of the engine rooms.

CHAPTER XIX.

“ FIRE! ”

“ Oliver, you went at him in great style,” observed Dan, when the excitement was over and we found ourselves alone. “After this you’ll be the cock of the walk.”

“ I don’t want to be cock of the walk, Dan. I simply want to be left alone.”

“ But you pitched into him like a prizefighter. It was—well, simply immense, it was indeed.”

“ I am glad I can use my fists when it becomes necessary. I hope he’ll let me alone in the future.”

“ Let you alone? I’ll wager he won’t come within a hundred feet of you unless it’s absolutely necessary.”

“ He’s a fool to be angry with me. If he had taken things in good part at first there would have been no trouble.”

“ Oh, there are lots of pig-headed men just like him, Oliver. But I reckon you’ll have no further trouble with him.”

There was no room for us at the guns, so both Dan and I were placed, for convenience’ sake, among the sailors. But on such a steam vessel

as the *Boston* there is little or nothing for sailors to do, and our time was, as before, our own.

We lay in Mirs Bay for several days longer. But early one day some special dispatches were received, and half an hour later the *Olympia* flew the signal: "Up anchors and follow the flagship," and all hands knew we were off at last.

The three cruisers, *Olympia*, *Baltimore*, and *Boston*, were the first to steam away, and they were shortly followed by the gunboats *Concord*, *Petrel*, and *McCulloch*, and two colliers, the latter loaded to the rail with coal for the six warships.

"What a splendid sight!" I said to Dan, as we stood on deck watching the column of vessels sweeping out swiftly to sea. "If we meet those Dons there will be fun."

"Pretty serious fun, Oliver, to my way of thinking. Killing fellow-beings isn't much play."

"That's right, Dan; but if we have got to have war I hope we come out on top."

"Oh, so do I!"

The day was an ideal one, and we remained on deck until the intense heat drove us below. Here we found a great state of confusion, for orders had been passed around to "clear ship for action," and all hands were tearing down unnecessary woodwork, preparatory to heaving it overboard.

"It won't do to have splinters around, you see," explained Bob Roundstock, the gunner. "We want everything clear for action, just as the order says."

The woodwork disposed of, ammunition was passed around and fire tubs were filled with water. Then the great guns, fore and aft, were loaded, and kept in readiness for instant use.

Several days passed without anything unusual happening. The weather remained fair, although the wind blew so strongly that the colliers were in danger of being swamped, so heavily were they loaded. We might have run at a greater rate of speed, but the colliers and the *Petrel* could not keep up, and Commodore Dewey thought it advisable, now we were in the enemy's waters, to keep his squadron and supply boats together.

"I wonder where we will find this Admiral Montojo?" I said one evening, as Dan and I lounged on deck. "Was he at Manila when we were there?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. He must be somewhere among the Philippine Islands."

"That's saying a good deal, when the islands number over a thousand."

"Oh, he must be near one or another of the principal cities, Oliver. At a second-rate place

he would have nothing to protect but a collection of bamboo huts."

"Has he much of a fleet?"

"Supposed to have eight or nine vessels, so Roundstock told me. He is one of Spain's best admirals, too, I was told."

"Then we won't have a walk-over. If we—hark!"

A sudden cry from below reached our ears. Both of us listened intently, but could make out only a confusion of voices.

"Something is wrong," cried Dan. "Let us see what it is," and he ran for the stairs.

We met half a dozen gunners coming up. "Fire! fire!" yelled one of the number. "There is a fire between decks!"

"A fire!" The cry was instantly taken up on all sides. "Whereabouts?"

"Near Jackson's gun. It caught from some straw that was in a crockery barrel Gumpers was emptying. It's close to a lot of ammunition!"

"Man the fire hose!" put in an officer. "Lively, boys, or we'll have an explosion!"

The cry of fire had by this time aroused the entire ship, and men came hurrying to the scene from all directions.

At first all was confusion, but soon discipline reigned supreme, and the fire drill was put into execution.

Would they subdue the flames before it reached the loose ammunition which had just been sent up from below?

This was the all-important question that I asked myself as I stood by, watching what was going on.

I wanted to help and so did Dan, but we could do nothing.

Presently a dull explosion was heard, followed by another.

"The ammunition is going up!"

"Are the steel covers to the magazines closed?"

Several other cries rang out. In the meantime the firemen continued to pour two heavy streams of sea-water on the flames.

Thick volumes of smoke rolled up the companion ways, and I felt that those below were in danger of being choked to death.

"This is awful!" murmured Dan. "I hope we don't blow up, as did the *Maine*."

"We won't, for she blew up from the outside, not the inside," I answered grimly.

"Well, one way would be just as bad as the other, Oliver."

"I suppose that is so, as far as we are concerned."

The work continued and all watched the labor nervously.

At last the fire captain came up, blinking his eyes and shaking the water from his clothing. He looked as black as a negro.

"It's out, sir," he reported, saluting the officer of the deck.

"All out?"

"Yes, sir, although we had better watch for sparks when the half-burned stuff is removed."

"Yes, be very careful. We'll pitch it overboard at once."

Extra men were sent below, and they soon came up, carrying the burned and wet straw in their arms. In ten minutes all was cleared away, and then followed such a scrubbing and cleaning up as I had never seen before.

"The carpenter will have a day's work here," observed Dan, as we surveyed the scene of the fire. "But we can thank God that it was no worse."

"So say I," was my answer. "I don't want any more sunken ships in mine. The *Dart* was sufficient."

The day to follow was uneventful. It was clear and hot, so hot in fact that, during the noon-day hours, nobody could remain on deck. In the turrets and conning tower it was suffocating.

"I feel as if I was half baked," said Dan, as

we lay in a shady corner on the third day out.
"I wonder how far we are from Luzon?"

"I heard an officer say that we would sight land to-morrow or the day after."

"Did he say where?"

"He said we were steering for Subig Bay. They think Admiral Montojo may be found there with his fleet."

"I hope they do find him, and give him a good thrashing."

"You say they, Dan. Don't you expect to take a hand in fighting?"

"To be sure. But then we are not regular sailors you know."

"Well, I consider myself a sailor boy," I answered warmly.

"Do you? All right, then. Here's to the sailor boy under Dewey!" cried my chum, and drank my health in what was left of a glass of lemonade he had brought up with him. Lemons were plentiful, and in those hot days everybody spent a good deal of time in making something palatable to drink.

In the afternoon, when the sun was low, the squadron was called together and was put through a number of naval maneuvers by the commodore. This was both an interesting and instructive sight, and I watched it from start to finish.

I had just retired for the night when I heard the sounds of numerous footsteps on the gun deck. I aroused myself and sat up in my hammock.

"What's up?" I asked of Dan.

"I don't know," was his answer. "But something is the matter, that's certain."

"Let us go and see," I went on, and hopped to the floor. We soon had our clothing on, and then we hurried to where Bob Roundstock was getting his gun crew into order to man the eight-inch monster under his command.

CHAPTER XX.

IN WHICH ONE SPANISH SHIP IS SUNK.

"What is it, Roundstock?"

"What is it?" repeated the old gunner. "We've sighted a Spanish man-o'-war, that's what it is!"

"A man-o'-war!" cried Dan. "Where is she?"

"Dead ahead, and running away as fast as her steam can carry her."

"Can we catch her?"

"Can't say as to that, lad. We hope to do it."

Dan and I waited to hear no more, but, rushing to the stairs, made our way to the spar deck.

It was a cloudy moonlight night and just now too dark to see anything with the naked eye.

But presently the moon came out brightly, and then, far ahead, we made out a dim form, moving along over the ocean like a phantom.

"Is that the Spanish ship?" I asked of a sailor standing near.

"So the officers think, lad."

"Why don't they give her a shot to make her heave to?" asked Dan.

He had scarcely spoken when one of the guns

from the *Olympia* boomed threateningly, sending a shot to the starboard of the flying craft.

All expected to see her heave to, but she kept on, and now a dense mass of clouds covered the moon and all became dark once more.

The clouds were as long as they were heavy, and it took them all of twenty minutes to drift over the face of the moon and let that orb shine out again. How impatiently officers and men waited, my readers can well imagine.

"She's gone!" Such was the cry which rang from a hundred throats, and it was true. The strange vessel had disappeared from view.

In a few minutes more the moon was again hidden, and further pursuit of the flying one was out of the question.

Everybody was disappointed, and none more so than Bob Roundstock.

"I'm just achin' to get a shot at 'em," he observed. "Oh, if only that ship had turned to engage us!"

"I reckon those on board saw we were six to one and didn't dare to risk it," said Dan. "Now if we had been one to one——"

"Those Dons would have run anyway!" finished Roundstock. He was a thorough Yankee tar and felt certain that nothing could stand up against our ships and guns. And he was more than half right, as later events proved.

The following day brought us in sight of Subig Bay, and, while we lay at a distance, several of the smaller war vessels went inside to survey the situation.

"I wish we were going in," observed Dan. "There must be lots of Spanish vessels there."

"We are not making war on the merchantmen, Dan," I answered. "We are after warships."

"That's true, but we ought to take some prizes, just for the prize money."

"I only want what is coming to me,—my money and those documents left on board of the *Dart*,—and I want to bring Captain Kenny to justice."

"And give a helping hand to Tom Dawson and the others, if we can," he finished, and I nodded.

Soon the small ships which had been sent into the harbor returned, and then some of the captains went over to the *Olympia* to confer with the commodore.

"Something is up now, you can bet on that," said Dan, as the squadron set sail once more.

"We are bound southward," I replied. "That means Manila Bay, I presume."

Orders came around to "clear ship for action," and a busy half hour followed.

"Commodore Dewey knows we are getting

close to the enemy," said Roundstock. "Orders are to keep at the guns."

"There isn't a sail in sight."

"No; but how long would it take a heavy steam vessel, under a full head of steam, to come out from one of yonder headlands and open fire, lad? Not more than ten or fifteen minutes, if as long."

"How far will our heavy guns carry?"

"Six to eight miles—and more, on a pinch."

"A good deal further than a fellow can see, even with an ordinary glass," put in Dan.

"Our telescopes are the finest in the world."

The loss of sleep the night before had tired me out, and I soon retired, and Dan followed.

But I was not to sleep long, as I soon discovered.

As I had supposed, the squadron was running for Manila Bay. Commodore Dewey wanted to get past Corregidor Island unnoticed, if such a thing was possible.

But it was not to be, and presently we received half a dozen heavy shots from the land batteries, one or two of which struck the ships behind the *Olympia* and *Boston*.

Then rockets flared up in the air, and a small-sized engagement was on.

"This is war and no mistake!" I cried to Roundstock, but he merely tossed his head.

"Only children's play, lad," he replied.
"See, we are already safely past."

The engagement lasted ten minutes, and then the batteries were passed and we hauled out into Manila Bay proper.

It was almost full moon, but the clouds made it dark. Far away could be seen the twinkling lights of Manila city and other places.

A strange silence prevailed throughout the ships. It was the calm before the storm.

The night seemed long, but for all on board sleep was out of the question.

The men lay at their guns or on the deck, while the officers paced about or held long whispering conversations.

"I'll wager we have a fight to-morrow," I said to Dan. "Even if the Spanish ships are not here I think Commodore Dewey will capture the city, so as to have a new base of supplies."

"If he does that a good deal of our troubles will be over, Oliver."

"He won't touch anything until he has ferreted out old Monto-what's-his-name," broke in Roundstock.

"Montejo," corrected Dan. "Well, we'll have to take what comes, that's all."

"Correct, lad."

At early dawn our squadron crept closer to Manila city. We could now see the numerous

ships in front of the river mouth, but no warships were among them.

Below Manila is situated a long peninsula, upon which was located Fort Cavité, the principal Spanish arsenal along the bay.

Back of the arsenal was a town of some four thousand inhabitants, and to one side of the fort was a long, low-lying land battery.

As the sun came up six warships, flying the Spanish flag, were discovered lying between Manila and Cavité. Several other warships were to the rear, half hidden by the arsenal just mentioned.

"There they are!" was the cry which swept from ship to ship. "Now for a fight to the death!"

The words had scarcely been uttered when the flagship opened fire. A second later the *Boston* belched forth with her forward guns.

The shock nearly threw me off my feet, and the noise fairly deafened me.

"My gracious, Dan, what a racket!"

"This is war, Oliver!"

"It sounds more like a hundred thunderstorms rolled into one."

All of the warships had now trained their guns on the enemy, and round after round of gigantic steel projectiles was hurled forth, to deal death and destruction.

Soon both sides were enveloped in smoke and but little could be seen, excepting at close range.

The *Boston* was hit several times, but the shots merely passed through our upper works, doing but little damage.

For half an hour the battle kept on, and during that time both Dan and myself helped where we could, resolved to do our duty as Americans even though we were not duly enlisted.

"She's on fire!" came presently. The cry referred to one of the leading Spanish ships, and proved correct. One of our shells had burst into a magazine, and a dull explosion was followed by a wild scattering of burning embers. Soon the ship began to sink, and there followed a frantic struggle on the part of the Spanish sailors to save their lives.

"Poor wretches!" I said. "I can't help but pity them."

"War is war, lad," said Roundstock, who was working like a beaver over his gun, which was red-hot. "If we didn't sink them they would sink us; and since one of us must go down, I'd rather it would be the other fellow."

And I could not help but agree with him.

CHAPTER XXI.

A NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN CONTEST.

In this tale of adventures in and around the Island of Luzon it is not my intention to play the part of a historian and go into all of the details of the battle of Manila Bay, or, more properly, the battle off Cavité.

To be really truthful, but little of the whole battle could be seen by any one spectator, for the ships were several miles apart, and the heavy smoke hung everywhere over the bay like a murky pall. Near Cavité the fire burst up through the smoke at half a dozen points, and these marked the spots where the enemy's ships were slowly but surely going to pieces.

For the victory was Commodore Dewey's from the start, and a few hours sufficed to teach Spain a lesson which she is not likely to forget for years to come.

Our gallant commodore had come to Manila with six fighting ships, including one which was very small, and but indifferently armed. Off Cavité he engaged eight Spanish warships, and these had the strong support of the fort and the land battery.

And yet, when it was all over, what was the result? The Spanish ships lay along the shore, riddled with shot and shell and burning fiercely. Hundreds of Spanish sailors had been either shot or drowned, and those who had escaped to land were hurrying, panic-stricken, toward Manila and the mountains. More than this, Cavité itself had surrendered, and the arms and ammunition at the arsenal were our own.

We had pulled out once from the fight, to learn how matters were faring with the other ships. Commodore Dewey was afraid that one or another had been lost, and his delight was without measure when he found that not a single ship had sustained any serious injury. "Good, boys!" he said. "Go in and finish them up!" And they went in, with the vigor that only the Anglo-Saxon race knows.

Dan had been hurt by a splinter flying from some of the rigging, and I carried him into the wardroom, where the surgeons waited in readiness for any demand that might be made upon them.

He was unconscious, and I looked on anxiously as a surgeon made an examination.

"Is it serious?" I asked.

"Not very; but he must remain quiet for a while," was the answer. "I will plaster up the wound and bind it."

The battle had started early in the morning. By the middle of the afternoon it was over and a regular jubilee among the jack tars followed. They yelled, cheered, sang, and danced, while eating and drinking went on until nightfall.

Some of the ships had been sent to other places, but we lay close to Cavité. We could have taken a great number of prisoners, but Commodore Dewey had no place to put them.

"Let them go, poor fellows; they have suffered enough," said more than one officer, and in my mind I agreed with them.

"Didn't I tell you!" cried Roundstock, coming up. "Nothing can stand up against the Stars and Stripes, our glorious flag of freedom."

"What's to do, now, Roundstock?" I questioned.

"That's for the commodore and our captain to say. As for myself, I feel as if I could sleep for a week."

"Won't we go in and take Manila?"

"I suppose we will—later on."

"I would like to go in right away. I want to learn how my friends there are faring."

"You'll have to be patient."

Roundstock strode off, and I turned again to Dan, who was moaning. I found his face very hot, as if he was in a fever.

The hours of the night passed slowly, and in

the morning I was much gratified to learn that my chum was better. We now received definite word from the other warships. All were in good condition and not a single man had been killed. Some were to move in close to Cavité, while others were to go down and take possession of Corregidor Island, at the bay's entrance.

By good fortune I managed to get permission to go ashore at the arsenal, and Dan insisted upon going along. Just before we left the *Boston* we had a parting word with the captain.

"Be careful, boys," he said. "Those Spaniards will shoot you down if you give them the least chance."

I started to say something about getting into Manila again, but thought better of it and remained silent. Perhaps it might have been much better had I spoken and had the kind-hearted commander prevented the movement. But we do not know things beforehand as we know them afterward.

It had been supposed by the Spaniards that Commodore Dewey would demand the immediate surrender of the capital, but no demand came, for the reason that the commodore was awaiting instructions from Washington, and because he had no armed force sufficiently large to hold Manila against our enemies, and against

the insurgents, who were gathering about, ready to rush in and plunder at the first opportunity.

We went ashore in one of the small boats, manned by eight jack tars, and landing close to the arsenal, made our way to a deserted church, which the sailors on shore had turned into a temporary barracks.

On every hand were the signs of the fierce conflict which had raged but a few short hours. The bay about Cavité was dotted with the half-burned wrecks of the Spanish warships, and fort and batteries were torn up as only a hail of shot and shell can do the work.

"This is awful," remarked Dan, as he walked around. "How these poor wretches must have suffered during the fight!"

"I reckon they were glad enough to run for it, Dan," I answered soberly. "But see, there are some Spanish soldiers approaching!"

The men referred to were a score in number. They were without arms, almost without shoes, and their clothing was torn in countless places by their wild rushes through the brush and cane fields. They came up to a body of volunteers encamped near the church.

"They have surrendered and want protection from the insurgents," said Dan, after listening to what was said by the Spanish leader. "He states that the rebels here are worse than

wild beasts, and he would rather go to an American prison than fall into their hands."

"I believe him—after my own experience, Dan."

"So do I. I'll tell you, Oliver, the fighting here isn't half over. Dewey may try to make friends of the insurgents; but, if so, he will be sorry for it."

We watched the Spaniards and saw that they were starving by the manner in which they disposed of the food furnished to them by our own volunteers. I really believe that some of them would have jumped at the chance of joining our troops had they had the chance. None of them had received a dollar of pay from Spain for months, and one told Dan that even their own officers treated them like dogs. "If only I was back in beautiful Spain again!" he sighed. "Or with my uncle at his tobacco works in Key West, Florida, in your own nice country!" He was sick of war.

As I have said, Cavité lay about eight miles south of Manila. Between the two places was a low, sandy beach, back of which was a rude highway, low-lying hills, covered with rice and other plantations, and thick forests. There were several settlements, but none of especial importance.

By careful inquiry we learned that the country

between us and Manila had been almost deserted, but was now filling up with insurgents, who were awaiting the arrival of their principal leader, General Aguinaldo, who had gone to Hong Kong on business. If we wanted to get into the capital, therefore, we must first pass the insurgents' camps and then the Spanish pickets at the city walls.

"It's a risky thing to do, Oliver," said Dan. "We don't want to get shot."

"That is true. But I want to know how Longley is faring and how the business is faring."

"Yes, that is true. And I would like to know if Captain Kenny has shown up at Manila, too. But still——"

"You haven't got to go if you don't want to, Dan. But I'm going."

"Then I'll go, and that settles it."

And it did settle it. But neither of us dreamed of the many dangers in store for us.

CHAPTER XXII.

BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

"I don't know much about this part of the country," said Dan, as we drew away from the American camp with great caution. "I wish we could pick up a native guide. He might save us from a lot of trouble."

"There are natives enough around, if only they can be trusted. Let us strike the first man we meet and see what he has to say."

Leaving camp was an easy matter, for as yet military rule was rather lax. We took a small side trail, that presently brought us in sight of a collection of rude bamboo huts, one burning and all deserted. Back of the huts we found a tall negro sitting on a tree stump, his lean chin resting in the palm of an equally lean hand.

Dan called to him in Spanish, but the man did not stir until my chum walked up and shook him by the shoulder. Then he stared at us from eyes buried deeply in their sockets.

His tale was soon told. His wife had been shot down in a skirmish around the bamboo huts on the day that the Spanish soldiers had retreated from Cavité to Manila, and his only child

had been trampled under the feet of a runaway buffalo cow, a beast quite common in certain parts of the Philippines. His home was that now being reduced to ashes.

"Your lot is certainly a hard one, my man," said Dan to him soothingly. "But it will do you no good to sit here and mourn. What is your name?"

"Wamba, señor."

"Would you like to become our guide, Wamba? We will pay you well?"

At this the eyes of the native brightened somewhat, for he was of the poorest class.

"You will pay me well?" he asked slowly.

"We will."

"You will not pay me in *chit*?" went on Wamba. In Manila many large bills are paid in *chit*, instead of coin, a *chit* being merely a personal note. These *chits* are issued by nearly everyone, and float around from person to person before being presented to the issuer for redemption.

"No, you shall have coin—gold and silver," and Dan showed the contents of his purse, which contained several Mexican silver dollars, and some Spanish gold and copper coins.

"And where shall I guide you?"

"We want to go into Manila secretly."

"You are soldier spies?"

"No, we are private citizens and want to learn something of business matters. Our fathers belong to the firm of Raymond, Holbrook & Smith, of Manila, Hong Kong, San Francisco, and other cities."

"I know the name, señor," and Wamba nodded. "But the business must be ruined now," and he gave a deep sigh.

"That is what we want to see. Will you undertake to get us into Manila? Remember, I will pay you well."

"I will do what I can, but it will be a dangerous undertaking."

The talk between the native and Dan continued for some time, and then we hurried on, leaving the trail and passing over the wet ground of a rice field recently flooded.

It was again hot, and after half an hour of traveling I was glad enough to cast myself in a shady spot to rest. While Dan did the same Wamba went off in search of cool water from a nearby spring.

"I suppose things in Manila are in a state of high excitement," observed my chum, as he lay back against a tree. "The Spaniards are in a box—with the American fleet in front and the rebels behind."

"I think they would rather surrender to us than to the rebels, Dan."

"I've no doubt they would. But they'll surrender to nobody until forced to do it. They are as high-minded as ever, if I know anything about it."

"Business must be at a complete standstill. Perhaps the Spanish authorities have confiscated everything at the offices."

"I wonder what has become of Tom Dawson, Matt Gory, and the *Starlight*? I didn't see anything of the craft while on the *Boston*, did you?"

"No. She probably lost no time in slipping past Corregidor Island when it was known that a fight was in prospect."

"And what do you suppose has become of Captain Kenny, Watt Brown, and Ah Sid, who were captured?"

"That is for time to tell, if we are ever to know at all."

Wamba came back with the water, into which we stirred some sugar-cane ends to make it more palatable, and we arose to continue our journey.

"What's that?" cried Dan, as the crack of a rifle broke the semitropical stillness. "Some sort of a battle is on, that's certain!"

The single report was followed by several others, and then came two heavy volleys in rapid succession.

"I'll wager it is a fight between the insurgents and the Spanish outposts!" I cried. "Hark,

they seem to be coming this way. Wamba, what had we best do? ”

The native looked at me in perplexity, and Dan repeated the question in Spanish. Then Wamba pointed off to the woods back of us. “We hide in hollow,” he said, in his native tongue.

We lost no time in following him, for the sound of firearms came closer, and soon a bullet clipped through the leaves over our heads. As we descended into the hollow to which the guide led us we heard a wild shouting, and at a distance a hundred or more Tagals burst into sight.

The natives were armed with rifles secured at Cavité and in Manila, and were endeavoring to turn the right flank of a company of Spanish soldiers, who soon came into view on the opposite side of the hollow. The firing was now incessant, and all three of our party were glad enough to drop down out of sight in the dense bushes.

“We are caught between two fires!” announced Dan grimly. “Here’s a state of things, to say the least. Oliver, how do you like it?”

“We had better remain quiet, Dan. I have no desire to get a Mauser bullet through my head.”

“Nor I. I only hope both sides move off to some other locality.”

The hollow was of indefinite length and about a hundred feet wide and ten to twenty feet deep. The Tagals were close to the south bank, while the Spaniards held a position a hundred and fifty to two hundred yards away. In fifteen minutes the volley firing ceased, but a steady pop-pop from one direction or another took its place.

"Each side is throwing out skirmishers," said Dan. "If any of them come down here I don't know what we had best do!"

"If it comes to the worst we'll have to throw our fortunes in with the rebels," I answered. "But I have no liking for either side."

We were armed with pistols, fine six-shooters, and we held these in readiness for use, should occasion require. Wamba acted as if he wanted to leave us, but doubtless the hope of getting money out of us made him remain.

As I have said, the natives were closer than the Spanish, and presently a dozen of them slipped down into the hollow. They were determined-looking fellows, much superior to the Tagals I had met up at the locality where the *Dart* lay stranded.

"They are coming this way!" whispered Dan. "I'm afraid, if they spot us, they will fire before we can explain who we are."

"We had better—" I began, when pop! went a rifle, and a bullet grazed my temple, causing

me to tumble over my chum and go crashing in the brush back of him.

"Oliver! you are hit!" he gasped. "Oh, this is too bad!" and he caught me up in his arms.

"I—I guess it's not much," I faltered, putting my hand up and withdrawing it covered with blood. Getting out a large linen handkerchief, I bound it over the wound, which was but a scratch, even though fully as deep as was desirable.

The crash in the brush had attracted the attention of the Spanish soldiers, and now they saw the Tagals and heavy firing recommenced. We were in the very midst of this, and several bullets sang alarmingly close to our ears. We wished that a better shelter than the brush was at hand, but nothing was in sight and we had to make the best of it.

Inside of a quarter of an hour it looked as if the rebels would get the best of the fight, but suddenly some Spanish re-enforcements came up, and in a twinkling the Tagals were sent flying toward the hills to the eastward, leaving a score of dead and wounded behind them.

"They are leaving us!" muttered Dan, when without warning several Spanish soldiers appeared, running directly toward us. Each had his gun up ready to shoot, so resistance would have been foolhardy.

"*Halte!*" came the useless command, since we were not moving. "Throw down your arms or we will fire," followed, also in Spanish.

Dan looked at me and I at him, and then both of us dropped our pistols. Seeing this, Wamba uttered a grunt of dissatisfaction, turned, and crawled like a snake out of sight into the bushes. In a moment more the Spanish soldiers had surrounded us.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE ESCAPE FROM THE INN.

The soldiers who had made us prisoners were dark, determined-looking fellows belonging to the Manila Home Guard, a body distinct from the troops sent to the islands from Spain.

They were seven in number, including a lieutenant, who, as I afterward learned, rejoiced in the unique name of Carlos Remondenanez.

"*Americanos!*" muttered the lieutenant, as he surveyed us. "Where you come from?" he demanded, in by no means bad English.

"We came from Cavité," I answered, glad to know that he would understand me.

"Sailors from the American warships?"

"We are private citizens, on our way to Ma——" Dan checked himself.

"Ha! private citizens! Bah! You *Americanos* are all out for a fight, like a wild bull! But we will show you, here in Luzon and at Cuba, too! When it is over the pigs will be sorry they took up arms against the sons of my country," and he slapped his chest.

Had the situation been less serious I would

have been tempted to laugh at his pomposity. But as that might have brought on my sudden death, I resisted the temptation even to smile.

"Yes, it is too bad to have war with anybody," I said calmly. "Do you consider us your prisoners?"

"And why not, boy, why not? To be sure you are not old enough to be a regular soldier, but your finger on the trigger of a gun may do as much damage as the finger of a man of forty. Search them, men!" he added, to his command, in Spanish.

Two of the party immediately advanced, and relieved us of the pistols we had thrown down and also two daggers Dan had brought along from Hong Kong. I think Lieutenant Remondenanez was strongly tempted to confiscate our purses also, but did not dare on account of one of the soldiers, who watched him closely. This man was a new recruit, so Dan found out later, and was too high-minded to countenance such a proceeding, even on the part of his officer, without reporting it at headquarters.

Having been searched, we were marched out of the hollow to the trail running down to the highway. Here we were placed in charge of three soldiers, one of whom marched at either side of us and the other to the rear.

Our course was along a series of dense palm

trees which sheltered us somewhat from the sun. Yet the walk was a hot one, and soon the wound I had received gave me a violent headache.

"I must rest," I said to Dan, and sank down almost exhausted.

"No rest for you!" shouted the corporal in charge of the detail, and poked me with his bayonet, and sick as I was I had to get up and go on my way.

But soon luck stood me in good stead. We arrived at a sort of wayside inn, where there were two companies of Spanish soldiers, and here we halted for further orders.

It was decided to keep us at the place over night, and we were conducted to a rude stable in the rear, built of bamboo and palm leaves.

Inside were half a dozen small native ponies, belonging to as many Spanish officers. It was a foul-smelling resort, and it made me feel more sick than ever.

The place was already being used as a prison and outside four guards, with ready guns, patrolled the sides of the stable at a distance of ten paces.

"What a hole!" cried Dan, as we were shoved through the doorway and the guard left us. "I'll wager the stable is full of vermin!"

"Who is that as spakes!" came from the semi-

darkness. "Sure an' th' voice sounds remarkably loik that of a friend, so it does!"

"Matt Gory!" burst out Dan and I simultaneously.

"An' it's Oliver an' Dan, so it is!" ejaculated the Irish sailor, rushing to us and catching our hands warmly. "Sure an' it's a sorry place for a mating, aint it now?"

"How did you get here, Gory?" I asked. "I thought you were on the *Starlight*?"

"Sure an thim haythins o' Spaniards confiscated the ship, so they did. Oi an' Tom Dawson thried to escape, an' here Oi am, as ye can behold if yez have sharp eyes."

"And what of Dawson?" asked Dan.

"Oi don't know where he is. He started to join Commodore Dewey's marines at Cavité."

"When did all this happen?"

"We lift the *Starlight* a week ago, but Oi was captured yesterday. Phy have yez yer head toied up?" he went on, to me.

I told him of our adventures in the hollow, and Dan related what had occurred since we had left the *Starlight*. Matt Gory had arranged a resting place of the cleanest straw to be found, in a corner, and here I dropped, completely fagged out.

All told, the stable contained nine prisoners; the others being Spaniards who sympathized

with the insurgents. They were a motley collection, and filled the already foul air with the noxious fumes of their ever-present cigarettes.

While I rested, Dan spoke to one and another of them, and learned considerable concerning the present situation in Manila. As we had surmised, all business was at a standstill, the shops were closed, and the streets were guarded by Spanish soldiers, the native policemen not being trusted to do the duty. All was in a state of suppressed excitement, and it was expected that Dewey would shell the city at his pleasure. Provisions were scarce and there was much suffering, especially among the poorer classes.

Strange as it may seem I rested well that night, and Dan also slept soundly. We were stirring at sunrise, and with us Matt Gory, who had suffered no injury and was willing at any moment to fight for his liberty.

"Oi'll not go to any dirthy Spanish prison if Oi can hilp it,—an' Oi think I can," were his words.

"I am with you," I answered. "But I don't want to bite my nose off to spite my face."

At seven o'clock we were ordered out into the open air, and we were not sorry, for the smell in the stable during the night had grown worse instead of better. All were formed into single

file and told to march to the rear door of the inn and our breakfast would be dealt out to us.

“Like a lot of tramps getting a hand-out,” laughed Dan, when a Spanish officer struck him with his sword and ordered him to keep silent.

Breakfast consisted of some stale bread, a chunk of meat that had been stewed in rice, and water. We had to eat and drink standing up or let it alone, and I hardly touched a mouthful.

The breakfast over, we were about to leave the inn, when without warning a volley of shots came from a woods behind the hostelry and a Spanish officer and two privates dropped dead within a dozen feet of us. Before the Spaniards could recover from their astonishment a second volley was delivered, and four others went down, including one of the prisoners, who was struck by accident in the leg. Then came a wild yell and about fifty Spanish rebels from Manila burst into view.

The scene that followed beggars my pen to describe. For some minutes pandemonium reigned supreme, and Spanish officers and privates alike knew not what to do. Some rushed into the inn and some out, and a number took to their heels with all the speed of which their legs were capable. Then a *capitan* called them to order, and they formed into a hollow square on the defensive.

"This is our chance!" yelled Matt Gory, as he seized Dan and me by the arms. "Come on!"

"I am with you!" I answered.

"Let us make for the stable," said Dan.

"Aint the woods betther?" queried the Irishman.

"The ponies!" I interrupted, understanding what my chum meant. "Just the thing!"

And away we went for the stable. A Spanish guard tried to block our way, but we tripped him over and tore his gun from him.

Dan was the first inside of the structure and he speedily untied three of the small, but strong, animals and led them to a rear door. Then up we leaped into the high, uncomfortable Spanish saddles (for the poor beasts stood there with all their trappings) and off we sped down the highway, leaving Spaniards, rebels, and the other prisoners to take care of themselves.

Of course we did not escape unnoticed, and Spaniards and rebels both fired on us. But their aim was poor, and the leaden messengers flew wide of the mark. Soon we were out of sight around a bend, and then we speedily took to a side trail that looked as if it might afford at least temporary security.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ONE WAY OF ENTERING A FORTIFIED CITY.

"Now where?" asked Dan, after we had halted and listened with all our ears to learn if we were being followed.

"To Manila, as was our original idea," I answered. "But you may not want to go that way," I added, to Matt Gory.

"Sure an' Oi'll go wid youse b'ys," answered the son of Erin, with a grin. "Oi'm afther makin' a soldier of forchune av meself," and he made a mocking bow at which both Dan and I laughed.

"We may be very useful to Longley in Manila," I continued. "He may be having more than his hands full to protect the firm's interests. He said he had about six thousand dollars in the big safe that he did not care to place in the Spanish bank, and——"

"You are right, Oliver, we must get into Manila somehow, to help Longley, if for no other purpose. The thing of it is, which is the best way to do it?"

"Let us get as close to the city walls as we can

first and then arrange our plans," I suggested, and this was speedily agreed to, for there was no telling what might happen before we came in sight of the capital city of Luzon.

From a distance came a constant firing, which told us that the rebels and the Spaniards were having a full-fledged fight. But presently, as we moved along, this died away in the distance.

Pony riding just suited Dan and me, but it went hard with Matt Gory, who had never ridden before. "Sure, an' the hard saddle will be afther cuttin' me in two," he groaned. "An' the baste prances so he'll have me insoides turned out before we come to a halt this aven-in'!"

"Move with the pony," I suggested, and gave him a practical illustration, but he was not cut out for saddle riding and made a sorry figure even when doing his best.

It had threatened a shower and soon it was raining in torrents. We kept to the road for half an hour longer, when it grew so deep with water and mud that we had to draw off to one side.

"I see a shelter beyond," said Dan, pointing it out. "And not a soul is in sight. Come on," and he led the way.

It was an open shelter, built of long poles thatched with palm. There had been a house

close by, but this was tumbled down into decay. We rode our ponies under the shelter and, dismounting, tethered them to some trees which acted as corner posts.

The rain continued throughout the noon hour and for some time after, and it was not until nightfall that we continued our journey. In the meantime we had refreshed ourselves with some plantains found in the vicinity, and allowed the ponies to feed upon whatever was to be found in the neighborhood.

Nightfall found us close to the Spanish lines, and we resolved to abandon our steeds, so turned them loose, feeling that they would soon find new masters.

We were moving along in the gathering darkness when we heard the creaking of a water buffalo cart, heavy, awkward-looking things common to all parts of the Philippines. Soon the cart came in sight, drawn by two buffalo cows, hitched up tandem. On the seat of the turnout sat a sleepy-looking native, wearing only a shirt, trousers, and broad-brimmed straw hat. The cart was partly filled with straw, and on top rested a pile of yams and other vegetables, and a bag of cocoanuts.

"I'll wager he's bound for Manila!" whispered Dan. "I wonder if he can't smuggle us in!"

"Let us stop him and see," I returned. "I

believe all of these natives are against the Spaniards, even though they may not like the idea of American rule."

We leaped forward, and while Matt Gory held the leading cow, Dan and I hurried to the seat of the cart. Roused up, the native was taken completely by surprise and stared at us in open-mouthed wonder.

Dan quickly asked him if he was bound for the market place in Manila and he answered in the affirmative. Then my chum told him of what we wished to do, at which the native grinned.

"Get into the cart if you will, and hide," he said, in Spanish. "But remember, if Spanish officers find you, I know not that you were there."

"We agree," answered Dan, and the straw was lifted up and all three of us made places for ourselves. Of course the hiding place was a damp and by no means pleasant one, but this could not be helped, and as it was our own choice nobody grumbled.

The progress of the cart had been slow before, but with the added weight it crawled along at a snail's pace. As long as the darkness served to hide us, we held up our heads for air, but with the first appearance of the electric lights of Manila, we dove out of sight.

"We are entering the town," whispered Dan,

as the clumsy cart creaked over a bridge. "I think we'll be safe in ten minutes more."

He had scarcely finished when there came a loud command to halt, and the native brought his cart to a standstill. A brief parley followed, and a couple of Spanish guards came up to the cart and calmly confiscated several cocoanuts from the bag. Then the turnout was allowed to proceed in the direction of the market place.

"Now is your time," whispered the driver to Dan, as we passed through a rather dark portion of a thoroughfare. "Drop out and you will be safe."

"Here is something for your aid," whispered my chum in return, and handed him a Mexican silver dollar, much to the native's delight, for such a piece, even though worth but fifty cents, is a good round sum in the Philippines.

Dan then dropped from the tail-end of the cart and Matt Gory and I followed. An alleyway was close at hand and we darted into this, to plan out our next movement.

"We are a good half mile from the offices," said Dan. "And I must confess I don't know the way."

"Sure an' mebbe youse would have done better to have stayed in th' cart," said the Irish sailor. "Howsomeever, lead on an' Oi'll be afther followin' ye!"

"Let us move on along the streets until we see some signboard," I suggested. "We know what street the offices are on, and the number."

"That is so, Oliver. All right, come ahead;" and again Dan led the way.

"It's a regular Donnybrook Fair town," said Matt Gory. "Oi'm afther gittin' me a club!" and he picked up a stick lying in a gutter. Before long Dan and I armed ourselves in a similar manner.

As I have mentioned, Manila was now under military rule, and at every other street corner we came in sight of a soldier, walking slowly back and forth or lounging idly against a door-post smoking a cigarette on the sly and talking to some pretty native damsel. To pass these guards unobserved was by no means easy.

"Here is the right street!" exclaimed Dan, after a quarter of an hour had passed. "The numbers show that we cannot be more than four or five squares away from the offices."

"Does that clerk live be thim offices?" queried Matt Gory.

"Yes, he has two rooms upstairs," I answered. "If that money is still in the safe he must certainly be staying there to guard it."

Another block was passed, when Dan clutched me by the shoulder, and likewise pulled the Irish sailor back. "Look!" he whispered.

We gazed in the direction he pointed, and saw four men huddled together in a corner of a rambling business building, not half a block away from the offices of Raymond, Holbrook & Smith. They were talking earnestly. Each wore a light, night cloak over his shoulders, and as one of them raised this covering, we caught the gleam of a dagger handle sticking from his breast.

"By Jove! they are up to something; that's as sure as you are born!" ejaculated Dan.

"They be Spanish assassins!" muttered Matt Gory. "Sure an' they look loik thim villains we used to see in the ould picture books!"

See, they are moving over this way," I said, a second later. "We must get out of sight, or we'll be discovered, and they may hand us over to the guard."

I looked around, and saw a narrow opening between two business buildings. Into this we crowded, behind a pile of half-broken hogsheads and other rubbish. Hardly had we settled ourselves than the four evil-looking fellows took another stand not ten feet away from us.

An animated conversation ensued, of which I understood only a few words. But Dan caught the drift of the talk, and grabbed my arm so tightly that I knew at once that something out

of the ordinary was on the way. Five minutes later, the strangers moved off once more.

“The villains!” gasped my chum, as soon as he felt safe to speak. “Do you know what they are planning to do? They are going to break into our offices, kill Harry Longley if necessary, and then loot the safe!”

CHAPTER XXV.

FOUR WOULD-BE PLUNDERERS.

"To break into the offices!" burst from my lips.

"Th' haythins!" muttered Matt Gory. "Just let me be afther gittin' a-hould of thim! Oi'll spile their looks so their own mothers won't know thim!" and he shook his club determinedly.

"You are certain there is no mistake, Dan?"

"Positive, Oliver. It seems one of the rascals once worked for the firm and he knows all about the affairs. He is certain Longley is sleeping in an upper front room, and he has a false key to one of the back doors."

"They cannot be doing this by authority, Dan. Hadn't we better notify the guard?"

"And get arrested for our pains? No, let us beat them at their own game. We are three to four, and Longley will make the count on both sides even. I am not afraid of them, even if they do carry daggers. Such cutthroats are generally cowards when cornered."

By this time we were out on the street and stalking after the rascally quartette, who moved on close to the low, overhanging buildings.

There was an electric light on the corner, but instead of burning brightly it fizzed and spluttered as such lights often do. The authorities had great trouble in keeping them lit at all, as many reckless men tried to turn the whole of Manila in darkness, that they might plunder the houses and stores with impunity.

"There are our offices!" whispered Dan, pointing to them. "See, the four men are moving through the alleyway."

"Let us kape 'em out of the buildin'!" whispered Matt Gory. "Come on, we'll knock 'em out at the first round, so we will!"

He started on a run, and before either Dan or I could stop him, had tackled the first of the would-be plunderers. Crash! down came the heavy club, and the Spaniard sank down, almost overcome.

The others turned in surprise and set up a low shout. Then, with several vile exclamations, they hurled themselves on Matt Gory and bore him to earth.

This was more than Dan or I could stand, and we leaped in, and blows from our sticks rained down thickly. I hit one Spaniard over the head and another on the shoulder, and then slipped

down in a pool of water which the darkness had hidden from view.

By this time, however, Matt Gory had again arisen and as one of the rascals made for me, the Irishman threw him backward with such a shock that his dagger flew some distance from his hand. In a twinkling Gory had secured the weapon.

"Now thin, run, ye haythins, or Oi'll be afther carvin' yez into bits!" he bawled, and made such a determined lunge at one of the Spaniards that he did run for his very life, leaving his tattered shawl behind him.

The racket in the alleyway had aroused Harry Longley, as well as several others residing in the neighborhood. An upper window was blocked up, and Longley inquired, in Spanish, as to what was the row.

"Help us, Longley!" cried Dan. "It is Oliver Raymond, Dan Holbrook, and an Irish friend. We have been attacked by thieves!"

"You!" burst out the clerk. "Come to the door and I'll let you in."

The clerk disappeared and we heard him run downstairs, and there followed the scraping of a key in a lock. As the door fell back Longley appeared, pistol in hand.

"Begone, or I'll fill you full of holes!" he shouted, in Spanish.

"*Caramba!* The game is up!" came from one

of the Spaniards, and making final and ineffectual passes at us with their daggers, they ran out of the alleyway and down the street.

"Come in! come in before it is too late!" went on the clerk, and we leaped into the back office. He immediately closed the door and locked it. All was pitch-dark and we had to feel our way around.

In a few brief words we explained the situation, to which he listened impatiently, his ear meanwhile inclined toward a heavily barred window, which, as is usual in this country, had no glass.

"Yes, I have the money here still," he said. "But it is not in the safe. It is where they cannot find it, even if they search for hours."

"You have buried it?" whispered Dan.

"Yes, and cemented the flooring over it. I was bound to protect our firm's interests, no matter what happened."

"You shall lose nothing by your actions," I returned warmly. "Father and the other partners shall know of your bravery."

"It has been a constant excitement ever since Commodore Dewey brought on that battle," went on Harry Longley. "It's a pity he lost so many men."

"Why, he didn't lose a single man," said Dan.

"He didn't! Why, they have it reported in

Manila that he lost two ships and four hundred sailors."

"You ought to know better. Couldn't you see the battle?"

"No, the Spanish soldiers drove everybody indoors on penalty of death. It is also reported that another Spanish fleet will soon come here to wipe Dewey out."

"I don't know anything about that," I said. "But if the fleet comes I reckon our commodore can take care of himself."

"So he can, every thrip!" put in Matt Gory. "Oi'll foight wid him meself, next toime, so Oi will!"

"Plundering is becoming a common thing here," resumed Harry Longley, as he led the way to his apartments above. "Last night four offices and six stores were looted. The Spanish authorities try to catch the offenders when the places belong to the English, French, or Germans, but if an American is robbed they merely wink the other eye, as the saying goes."

"Do they offer you any protection at all, if you promise to keep out of the fight?"

"They do, in words, but that is as far as it goes. An American is not safe here, no matter if he gives up all his arms and swears to remain neutral. The Dons hate the very sight of us. They never wanted us here in the first place

and now they are bound to drive us out—if they can.”

“But they can’t,” finished Dan. “I’ll tell you all, Uncle Sam is bound to stay here. Mark my words and see if I am not right.”

Since we had left him, Longley had had natives working at the offices, and each window was barred more heavily than ever, while some of those on the lower floor had been covered entirely.

“You see, I am bound to hold the fort,” he smiled grimly. “I don’t want to leave this ground. It is in dispute, as you know, and the Spaniards would like nothing better than to take possession. This is the ground mentioned in those documents lost on the *Dart*.”

“I wish I could find the *Dart* and get the documents and the money back,” I answered, somewhat bitterly.

We were a good deal exhausted and partook eagerly of the hot coffee, rice cakes, and other things which Longley set before us. He had stocked up with sufficient provisions to last for a month, and among his stores were two barrels of water.

“You see, the rebels may cut off the water supply from the reservoir,” he explained. “If they do, people in Manila will be in a bad shape all around.”

"Cannot the Spanish soldiers protect the water works?"

"I don't know. They used to have their hands full with the rebels alone. Now they have us Americans to fight in addition."

Longley had but a single cot at hand, and as all could not sleep on that, we told him to keep his resting place and proceeded to make ourselves comfortable on the floor.

It would have been well had one or another remained on the watch, but Dan, Gory, and I were thoroughly fagged out, and Longley had been on guard the night before.

"We'll risk it," said the clerk, as he passed around such blankets as he possessed, not for coverings, as it was too warm for that, but to be made up into such couches as our ingenuity could devise.

We turned in about eleven o'clock and I slept soundly until a little after three in the morning. I awoke with a start and knew at once that some noise had aroused me. I listened, but all was as silent as the grave, excepting for the snoring that came from Matt Gory's corner.

"Something is wrong," I thought, and turned over in the direction of the barred window, close to Longley's couch. There was a faint light, and the sight that I saw filled me with horror.

A man hung to the bars from the outside. In

one hand he held a sharp dagger tied to a stout stick. The dagger had been passed into the room and the man was on the point of sticking the dangerous-looking blade into Longley's breast!

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE FIGHT IN THE OFFICES.

“Longley, look out!”

Such was the cry which broke from my lips, as I leaped to my feet.

At the same moment, I picked up a chair standing near and hurled it at the arm thrust through the window bars with all my might.

By pure good luck my aim was true, and the seat of the chair struck the Spaniard's hand such a smart blow that he gave a howl of pain, dropped stick and dagger, and fell back out of sight.

“What is the matter?” came from Longley, as he scrambled up from under the articles just mentioned. At the same time Dan and Matt Gory also arose.

“The window—a Spaniard wanted to knife you,” I answered, and turned up the light.

“This is the worst yet,” said the clerk, as he picked up the stick and examined the weapon fastened to it. “By thunder! Ramon Delveraz!”

“Ramon Delveraz! What do you mean by that?” queried Dan.

"Here is the name on the dagger handle. Ramon Delveraz is one of the Spaniards who are trying to drive us into quitting these offices, so that their land company can take possession of this whole block."

"The man was a short, stout fellow with a heavy beard."

"It must have been he! The scoundrel! Where is he now?"

Longley rushed to the window and looked out. Nobody was to be seen. Then he ran to the front of the room.

"There he goes!" he cried, pointing to a retreating figure. "Oh, but I will pay him back for this when the excitement is over."

The incident had banished sleep for the balance of the night, and we talked over the situation until daylight.

The sun came up clear and hot, but the streets remained deserted, excepting for the soldiers on guard. One of these came up to the doors below and tried them to see if they were locked. Longley spoke to him out of the window, but he did not answer.

"They are ugly and there is no telling what they will do next," said the clerk. "It's lucky they do not know that you are here."

"Won't those would-be plunderers tell them of our arrival?"

"They do not know but what you belong here."

Slowly the day wore along, growing hotter and hotter, until at two o'clock the rooms were like a bake oven.

"This is nothing," said Longley, after hearing me complain of the heat. "It is only ninety-six degrees to-day. Sometimes it is a hundred and ten in the shade."

"I wouldn't want to live here very long," I answered. "It would take all the starch out of a fellow. I don't wonder that the natives are lazy."

"Oh, some of them are no good anyhow," said he. "They won't work, but spend their time in sleeping, smoking, and in attending cockfights and bullfights. Cockfighting, you know, is the national sport."

"And it is a wicked, cruel thing, Longley. I don't see how a man can call himself a man and put in his time looking at one rooster trying to tear another to death with steel spurs."

"It is all that you say of it, and so is bullfighting."

"I'm glad we haven't any such national sports," I went on. "Baseball and football are good enough for me."

"They laugh at baseball and call it baby's play."

"Never mind, it isn't inhuman, and their fights are."

"Fortunes are won and lost on bull- and cock-fights. I have heard of thousands of *pesetas* changing hands as the result of a single contest."

"That makes it all the worse. I don't want to see or hear of such fights," I concluded, and I meant what I said. I think these contests an everlasting disgrace to Spain and every other nation that permits them.

To fill in our time we helped Longley prepare the mid-day meal and enjoyed the best the stock of provisions on hand afforded. Our coffee was native grown, and, seasoned with condensed milk, made as good as drink as the best of Java.

"This island could have a splendid coffee trade if it would only wake up," said Longley. "Just see what the Dutch have done for Java. The Spaniards are away behind the times."

"Spain is a nation of the past," said Dan. "I have heard father say that she will never regain the valuable prestige which she has lost. Her possessions are dropping away one by one, and in time she won't be able to hold even the mother country together."

"It's because she don't trate the people roight," broke in Matt Gory. "She takes ivery cent fer taxes an' church purposes, and they be strapped, an' git nothin' fer it. A mon as has

a constant drain on his pocket-book wid no recompense, is apt to git mad sooner or later and rise up an' swat somebody."

We all roared at these quaint remarks, yet recognized their truth.

"Spain will wake up when it is too late," said Longley. "The people——"

He stopped off short as a loud knocking below reached our ears. Going to the window he reported three Spanish soldiers below.

"Hide, all of you!" he continued, and rushed to a side wall. Opening a door, he showed us a secret closet and we entered.

Slowly the minutes passed as we heard him go below and hold a short and spirited conversation. Then came a struggle and the report of a pistol.

"Here, I can't stand this!" cried Dan. "He is in trouble and——"

"We must help him," I finished, and leaped out into the room. Longley had armed us with pistols, and we descended the stairs on the double-quick with the weapons in our hands, and Gory tumbling after us.

Longley stood leaning against a counter in the rear office, the blood flowing from a wound in his side. Near him stood the three Spaniards, one with a pistol which still smoked from the discharge.

Without hesitation we opened fire and as the

three pistols rang out two of the Spaniards went down, one shot in the side and the other in the breast. At once the office began to fill with smoke.

“Down with all—of—them!” gasped poor Longley. “Don’t—let—them—get—away or you are—lost!” and then he fainted from loss of blood.

We had seen the two soldiers fall and now all three of us rushed through the smoke at the third fellow. Again a pistol shot rang out, and a bullet touched Matt Gory on the arm. But that was the last time that that Don ever pulled a trigger, for the Irishman fired in return and he fell headlong, shot through the heart.

“Lock the door!” I cried, to Dan, and he leaped to do as bidden. Then, seeing that the two Spaniards on the floor were incapable of doing further harm, I turned my attention to poor Longley and carried him to a rattan lounge which stood in a corner.

It was no easy task to bind up the clerk’s wound. By the time it was accomplished the two Spaniards who had been knocked over were coming around. Soon one of them began to yell feebly for assistance.

“This will never do!” whispered Dan. “We’ll have the guards down on us in short order. Gag them.”

"I know a better trick," I answered, and stepped over both men with my pistol. "Silence!" I commanded, and pointed the weapon at first one and then the other.

My meaning was clear even if my word of command was not, and with a shiver of terror the fellow who had been calling out relapsed into silence.

"Help me!" came faintly from Longley, and he sat up and stared about him. "Wha—what has occurred? I—I thought I was shot down!"

"You were," answered Dan.

"And those three villains?"

"Two are wounded and lie yonder and the third is dead."

"Thank heaven for that!" And then unable to hold himself up longer, the clerk sank back again.

Soon we heard the tramp of a dozen feet outside and there followed a loud knocking on the door. We became as quiet as death.

"Open the door!" came the order, in Spanish, but nobody moved, while Dan and I and even Matt Gory, wounded as he was, kept our pistols ready for use.

"Open the door!" came the order a second time. Then a brief discussion followed. "The shooting must have come from elsewhere," said

a Spanish officer; and the patrol outside marched on.

As I could not understand the talk, Dan translated it. "If we keep quiet for awhile I think we'll be all right," he said.

And we did keep quiet, for an hour or more. But nobody came near the offices during that time, and at last we considered ourselves, for the time being, safe.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A LETTER OF GREAT IMPORTANCE.

During the time which passed Dan and I attended to both Longley and Matt Gory's wounds, and also did what we could for the two Spaniards. The dead man was placed in the cellar.

As I have mentioned, the Irish sailor's wound was not a serious affair, and he soon insisted that he was as ready for fighting as ever. Longley, however, was in bad shape, and I felt he ought to have a doctor's attention.

"Tell me where I can find a doctor and I'll go for him," I said, and he gave me the necessary directions, and I slipped off by a back alleyway.

Luckily I found the medical man at home. He was an Englishman and readily consented to come over to the offices and do what he could for Longley.

"They should not harm him, since he is not in this fight," said the doctor. "Do you imagine they mistreat Spaniards in San Francisco and New York so? It is against international rules of war and Spain will gain nothing by such a course."

“ They are bound to drive our firm from Manila, if they can. This is more of a personal than a national difficulty.”

“ Still, they should treat you fairly.”

An examination proved that Longley needed rest and quietness if he was to recover. The physician said if the clerk was removed to his home he would take care of him. We debated the matter, and resolved to remove Longley at nightfall.

“ And as soon as he is gone you had better turn those two wounded Spaniards over to their own people,” went on the medical man. “ I’ll make sure that they don’t unearth Longley, even if they hunt for him, which will be doubtful.”

The removal was made without trouble, the Spaniards having their hands full at the front, watching Commodore Dewey’s ships and his marines and the rebel troops, which were pressing closer and closer to Manila.

As soon as Longley was safe we did as Dr. Harkness advised, turned the Spaniards out, laying them on a side street, where they were soon picked up by a guard. The offices were then locked up, and the doctor said he would place them under the British flag for protection.

At midnight Dan, Matt Gory, and myself were once again on the streets of the city, not knowing which way to turn or what to do.

"Shall we go back to the ship?" queried Dan.

"Perhaps it might be as well," I said. "But we may be captured at the city wall."

However, we determined to try our luck, and set off in the midst of a rising storm. As we moved onward, we heard a number of shots from a distance, and presently found ourselves in the midst of a mass of natives who were running for their lives.

"There has been an uprising!" cried Dan, after questioning a native. "Let us go along. We can escape better in the crowd than if we keep alone."

We rushed along the street, and presently found ourselves among at least two hundred Filipinos of all sorts and conditions. Some were armed with rifles, but the majority carried nothing but clubs, spears, and long knives, such as were used on the plantations.

Coming to the river, a rush was made over the bridge, and then began a flight to the north, up a road that was six inches deep with mud.

"Now let us get out of this!" whispered Dan, and we gradually drew to one side, like tame horses withdrawing from a wild herd.

The rain had now stopped, but it was still pitch-dark, and soon we had left the natives fleeing to the north of us, while we turned eastward.

"Listen!" exclaimed Dan, as a strange sound reached our ears, above the rising wind. "What is that?"

"It must be a cry for help!" I answered.

"Let us be afther investigatin'," put in Matt Gory. "We may be able to do some feller-critter a big turn."

The cries seemed to come from a hillside ahead, and we mounted this through dense brush that dripped with water.

"There is a hut ahead," said Dan. "The cries come from there."

"It must be a native in distress," I returned, and moved on in advance.

"Help! help!" came suddenly, in an English voice, and we quickened our pace, feeling that one of our own soldier or sailor boys might be in distress.

When we reached the bamboo hut a strange sight met our gaze. On his back lay a white man of at least seventy years of age. Kneeling on his breast was a Tagal with drawn knife, while another Tagal knelt at the old man's side, trying to pull a money bag from his grasp.

"Hi! stop that!" I called out, and, rushing in, kicked one of the Tagals so heavily in his side that he rolled over and over on the earthen floor.

At this the second native leaped up and rushed

at me with his knife. But, before the blade could descend, Dan fired at him, and his arm fell helpless at his side.

"Help me; they have—have murdered me!" gasped the old man, and turned over on his side in pain, showing an ugly cut on his neck. With a fierce mutter the Tagal I had kicked got up and rushed at Dan, clutching him by the throat and running him up against the wall of the hut. But now Mat Gory leaped in, and a blow from his pistol stretched the rascal senseless. Seeing this, the native who had been shot took to his heels and disappeared into the darkness outside.

There was a dim lantern burning beneath the roof of the hut, and this light was now turned up, that we might see more of this strange situation.

"I am—am done for," gasped the old man. "That villain has torn my neck to pieces!"

"Let us bind the wound up," I answered tenderly. "Have you any rags handy?"

"Never mind—I know I cannot live. I—I—can I trust you?"

"You can," answered Dan. "Have you a message to leave?"

"I have. You are Americans?"

"Yes."

"So am I. My name is Gaston Brown. I have a son, a sailor, Watterson Brown, who——"

"I know him—Watt Brown. He was second mate of the *Dart*," I ejaculated.

"So you know Watt?" The old man's eyes brightened for an instant. "So much the better. I have something for my son. If I die will you deliver it?"

"I will—if I can."

"We will do our best," added Dan, and Matt Gory nodded.

"Sure, an' we were all on the *Dart* wid yer son," added the Irishman.

"I cannot leave Watt much money; but I have a precious letter for him. That letter must not be lost. Will you defend it while it is in your keeping?"

"Yes," I answered. "But hadn't you better acquaint me with its contents, in case it is lost?"

"It must not be lost. It is—is in the tin box buried in yonder corner. Give it to Watt with my blessing. Tell him—tell him—water!"

"He is dying!" whispered Dan, and ran for water, while I raised the elderly individual up. I wanted to tell him how Watt was situated, but it was too late. A strange rattle sounded in his throat, and before my chum could place the cup of water to his lips, his soul had fled.

"Sure an' he is gone!" whispered Matt Gory, the first to break the silence. "God rist him!"

"This was a strange way to live," I began, when Dan cut me short.

"We must not lose time here, Oliver. Let us get that letter and be going."

We hunted in a corner of the hut and began to dig down at a spot where it looked as if the soil had been recently disturbed.

"That's the box," said Matt Gory, as we heard a metallic click, and soon the box was brought to light—a square affair, painted black.

It was unlocked, and, opening it, we found that it contained nothing but a long, thick envelope, tightly sealed, and addressed to Watterson Brown, mate, on board the schooner *Dart*. Below were added the words:

"From his father, with the hope that the fortune may prove a blessing."

"A fortune for Watt Brown," mused Dan. "Well, he deserves it, for he's a good fellow."

"If only he isn't dead. In that case I won't know what to do with the letter," I answered, as I tucked the precious document away in my pocket. Little did I dream of all of the adventures into which that letter was to one day lead me.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

TREED BY BUFFALO BULLS.

"This silent inaction is growing monotonous."

It was Dan who spoke, and he addressed me, while both of us and Matt Gory took it easy in front of a deserted house we had chanced upon on a side road some miles away from Manila.

After burying Gaston Brown our flight had taken us to the north, and we had rested at the house for two days, undecided what to do next.

"If we try to move past Manila and toward Cavité, we'll run into both rebels and Spaniards, and I don't want to do that," I said. "I am rather sick of this fighting."

"So am I, Oliver. But we must do something. We can't sit here and suck our thumbs."

"Let us try to make our way up past Subig Bay to the coast and find out what has become of the *Dart*."

"Sure, an' that same suits me," put in Matt Gory. "Oi wants that dudeen of mine th' worst way, so Oi do. Bad cess to any haythin' as has sthollen th' same!" He spoke of his old pipe

constantly, for it had been his friend for many years.

"Your dudeen ought to be strong enough to walk to where you are, Matt," laughed Dan. Then his face grew thoughtful. "It would be a long trip to the *Dart*, and we may fall in with lots of Tagals."

"Perhaps not, Dan. I have an idea that all of the natives are now gathering around Manila, and we will find the coast almost clear."

"There is something in that. Well, I'm willing. Anything is better than staying here with hardly anything to eat but cocoanuts and plantains."

Nevertheless, we did not move away until twenty-four hours later. Our rest at the house had done us good, and at the place we had picked up a new pair of boots for Matt, a coat for Dan, and a new straw hat for myself, besides some canned goods, which, however, we had not opened, determined to keep them until we could find nothing else.

The day we set off it was cooler than it had been for some time, and as the road was comparatively level, we made good time, and by nightfall had covered fifteen miles.

We had met only a few natives, and these of the mild sort, who merely stared at us in open-mouthed wonder.

"There is one thing certain," I said, as we went into camp that night. "Not all of these people want to fight."

"That is true, Oliver. I believe, if they were left alone, a good portion of the Filipinos would prove absolutely harmless. But the warlike class keep the others in a constant state of excitement."

Several days passed, including a Sunday, when we let up on our travels and rested. We had now entered the hills, and traveling became more difficult. We might have lost our way; but from the wreck of the schooner Matt Gory had saved both a chart and a compass, and these now stood us in good stead.

The weather remained clear, but knowing that storms are frequent, we made the most of our time while it did not rain. We had now struck the seacoast north of Subig Bay, and we calculated that a week's added traveling would see us at the spot where the *Dart* lay and where we had had so many adventures on first landing.

Two days later we came on a plateau overlooking the sea. It was still clear, and we had hardly reached the place when Matt Gory pointed out a sail on the horizon.

"Some ship sailing around, even if there is a war on," said Dan. "I wonder what sort of a craft she is?"

"A Chinese junk," answered the Irish sailor. "Oi kin tell 'em as far as Oi kin see 'em."

"Well, we don't want anything to do with their junks," I answered. "It was a Chinese craft that knocked that hole in the *Dart*."

Soon the sail disappeared from view on its way up the coast, and we started to continue our journey. We had gone on less than a mile when a strange tramping behind us brought us to a halt.

"What is that?" I questioned, as I drew my pistol.

"Horsemen approaching, I reckon," murmured Dan. "We had better hide."

But hiding was not so easy, as only some tall trees were around, the ground being too stony for small brush of any thickness.

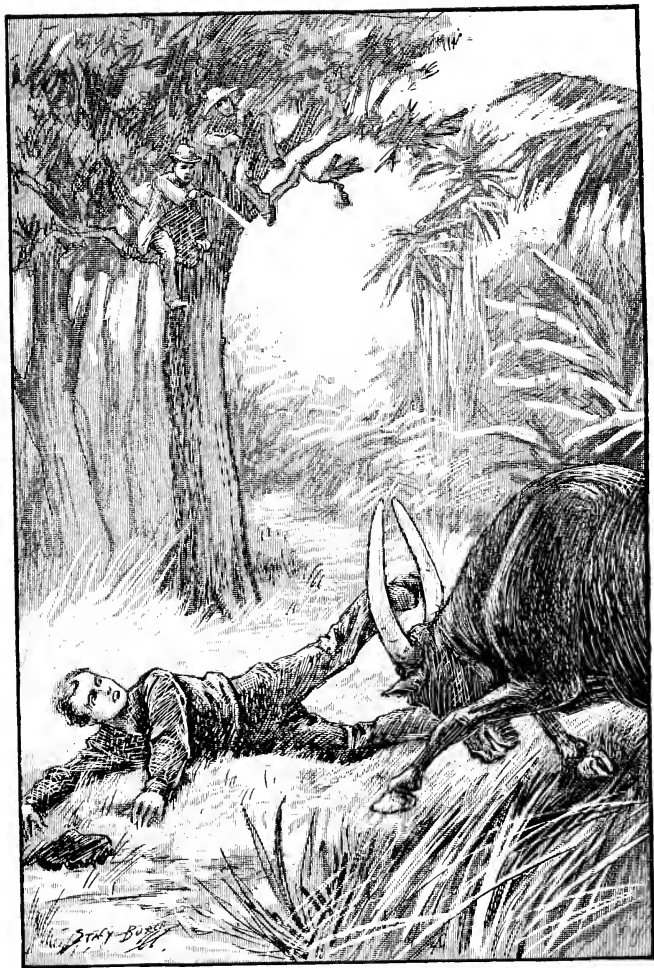
"They be comin' closer!" cried Matt Gory. "Sure an' we had betther take to the trees, me b'ys!"

"We'll have to help one another up," I said. "Come on."

We chose some mahogany trees, two growing close together. By boosting and hauling we managed with much difficulty to gain the lower limbs just as the newcomers came into view around a turn of a hillside.

"Gracious! Buffalo bulls!" cried Dan.

"Sure an' they are no inimies!" cried Matt



“BEFORE THE BUFFALO BULL COULD REACH HIM, DAN’S PISTOL
RANG OUT.”

Gory, and without thinking twice, dropped to the ground again.

"Come up here!" roared Dan. "Do you want to be horned to pieces?"

"Will they horn one?" I queried.

"Yes, as quickly as a mad bull at home."

"Then, Matt, get up, and be quick about it."

There was no need to tell the Irish sailor twice. A buffalo bull had spotted him, and with a wild snort, was coming for him, horns down.

"Be the powers!" gasped Gory. "Save me! hilp!" and he made a wild dash for the tree, but slipped and fell.

I fully expected to see him gored to death, but, before the buffalo bull could reach him, Dan's pistol rang out, and the beast staggered and dropped back, with an ugly wound just below his left eye.

"Come, Matt, get up!" I yelled, and as the sailor made for the tree, I leaned far down and caught his hand. Just as I hauled him up the bull made another charge, striking the tree trunk with a shock that shook the tree from end to end.

In a minute more we found the two mahogany trees surrounded by exactly eleven bulls, for these curious creatures sometimes congregate in this fashion, although not always. They were wild-looking beasts, and from their breathing

we felt certain that they had come a long distance.

"They have been pursued," said Dan. "Usually they are fairly tame, although not to be trifled with."

"Sure and Oi've had a narrow escape!" panted Matt Gory. "See! see! phwat is up now?"

He pointed to the wounded bull, that had circled around and, without warning, charged one of his mates. Instantly there was a counter charge, and the crashing together of two skulls could be distinctly heard. Then the wounded bull went down on his knees and several of his mates fell upon him and tore him into shreds.

It was a disgusting sight, and I had to turn away, for fear of getting sick and tumbling from the branch upon which I rested. "Now we have a sample of bullfighting, I suppose," I said.

"Yes, and it's simply horrible!" murmured Dan. Matt Gory, however, seemed to enjoy the contest, and let out a hurrah as the bull fell over dead.

"It serves the baste roight fer attackin' me," he said. "Bad luck to the rascal!"

After the killing of the bull, his mates withdrew to a distance of twenty or thirty yards, in the meantime tossing their heads at us and giving occasional snorts of anger.

"They are aching to get at us," was Dan's comment. "And just for the fun of killing us, too, since they won't touch meat."

"We're in a serious dilemma, Dan," I answered. "We can't stay here forever."

"Neither can the bulls."

"But some of them may keep coming and going, and thus starve us out."

"No; I think if they once make a move to leave, they'll go in a bunch."

After this several hours went by, and still the bulls stayed where they were. Then came a sudden clatter of ponies' hoofs on the road and the yells of half a dozen natives.

"The Tagals are coming now, beyond a doubt," I said.

"And the bulls are running for it," answered Dan, and he was right; at the first cries from the natives the buffalo bulls scampered off like frightened deer, and that was the last we saw of them.

We had scarcely time to draw up into the topmost branches of the mahoganies when the pony riders put in an appearance. Six short, wicked-looking Tagals rode the animals.

A shout went up when the carcass of the dead bull was discovered. A jabbering in a native dialect followed, and two Tagals left, presumably to find out what had become of the rest of the

herd. While this hunt was made, two other natives cut off a number of juicy buffalo steaks and placed them in leaves bound with vines.

"I hope they don't go into camp here," murmured Dan to me.

"Or that they don't discover some trace of us," I returned.

"We had better hold ourselves in readiness for an attack," put in Matt Gory, and we thought this good advice and followed it.

CHAPTER XXIX.

CAPTAIN KENNY AGAIN.

We were compelled to pass the night in the trees, the Tagals encamping less than a hundred feet away, and the night proving so light that escape was out of the question.

But at dawn our enemies departed, and then we lost no time in dropping to the ground and moving on, first, however, helping ourselves to all of the steaks we could conveniently carry.

Our course lay along the hills, and soon we crossed the canyon where Captain Kenny had played me such a dastardly trick. Here we paused for a dinner of the steaks, and I think I can truthfully say that never did a repast taste sweeter.

"I only hope I can square accounts with Captain Kenny some time," I said. "I shall never feel satisfied until I know he has received his deserts."

"Villains are not always brought to justice, Oliver," answered Dan. "But I haven't any doubt but that we will meet Captain Kenny some time or another, and if we do——" Dan finished by a determined shake of his head that meant a good deal.

We were now approaching those mountains which I mentioned in the earlier chapters of my tale, and, consequently, our progress was much slower.

"It's a good thing that it remains dry," said Dan, as we toiled up one hill and down another. "I don't want any thunderstorms."

"No, especially if the lightning is going to strike close by," I added. "I wish we were in sight of the sea."

"I think we'll reach it by to-morrow."

My chum's surmise was correct, for about noon of the day following we came out upon the shore of the China Sea, close to the point where I had been cast up in company with Watt Brown and several others.

"This looks a bit familiar," I cried, as I ran out on the sand.

"Hi! be careful," shouted Dan. "Do you want those Tagals to spot you?"

"Not much!" I returned, and scampered for shelter with equal alacrity. After that I proceeded with more caution.

It was determined to push on without delay to where the *Dart* had come ashore. This would bring us in the vicinity of the stranded craft about nightfall and enable us to take in the situation under cover of the darkness.

It was about four o'clock, and we reckoned

that we must soon come in sight of the *Dart*, when Matt Gory suddenly pulled my arm.

"The Chinese junk!" he ejaculated. "She is heading in shore!"

"By Jove, Matt is right!" answered Dan. "What can this mean?"

"It means that they have spotted the *Dart* and are coming ashore to investigate," I replied. "I suppose they think they have discovered a rich haul."

"In that case we must get to the wreck first!" said Dan. "Come, let us leg it!"

And run we did, at the best speed at our command, and forgetting all about the possible proximity of the Tagals. Soon the *Dart* came into view, lying exactly as she had before, but now totally deserted excepting for a single figure that stood on the deck, armed with a gun and two pistols.

"Watt Brown!" I yelled, and Dan and Matt Gory also cried out.

At the sounds of our voices the second mate turned swiftly and fell back in amazement.

"Well! well!" he ejaculated, when he could speak. "I thought you fellows were all dead. Come on board and help me hold the fort."

"Hold the fort?" I asked. "Against whom?"

"Yonder Chinamen, Raymond. I've been

watching 'em through a glass, and they are pirates, I'm dead sure on it!"

"We can't hold th' fort agin' a shipload of 'em," grumbled Matt Gory.

"I have a small cannon waiting for them," answered Watt Brown. "I am bound to hold the fort until the *Concord* comes back."

"The *Concord*!" I burst out. "Do you mean the gunboat of Dewey's fleet?"

"I do."

"And has she been here?" put in Dan, with equal interest.

"Yes, and she picked up nearly all of our old crew that were alive excepting Captain Kenny and Ah Sid, the cook. Tom Dawson was on her."

"Good fer Tom, I knew he would do some-thin'!" cried the Irish sailor. "But how is it you are keeping the fort, as you call it?"

"I escaped from the Tagals and fell in with some of the owners of the *Dart* at Manila. They are down on Captain Kenny, and they were on the point of having him arrested for fraud when he got to Manila. They asked me to come back and claim the property, and the schooner is to be floated and turned over to the United States Government for coast service during this war. Now will all of you help me, or won't you?"

"Certainly we will!" cried Dan, and Matt Gory and I said the same.

There was no time to talk further, and we hastened to look about the *Dart* to learn how we were to defend the schooner from attack. The howitzer Watt Brown had mentioned was already loaded, and the second mate said he would attend to the piece himself if only we would look after the small-arms; said small-arms being eight muskets, all loaded, lying in a row by the rail, alongside of a biscuit box full of cartridges!

"Sure an ye are afther bein' a whole company of marines in wan!" observed Matt Gory, as he surveyed the preparations. "It puts me in mind o' the man as used to go around Irish fairs playing a dhrum, a fife, and fiddle, an' a hurdy-gurdy all in wan, wid the sweetest music——"

"They are coming, and we haven't a minute to lose," interrupted Dan, and took up two of the guns. "Keep out of sight, boys, or they may pick us off at long range!"

"I would like to have a look through your glasses," I said, and he readily handed them over. My eyes are good, and as I gazed at the junk I saw she had lowered all of her sails and was dropping a small boat into the sea.

"They are coming over here, for sure," I said.

"Let me take a look," said Dan, and took the

glasses from my hands. "By Jove!" he gasped, a minute later.

"What is it, Dan?"

"There is a white man in that boat!"

"A white man, eh?" broke in Watt Brown. "Who can he be?"

"I can't make out yet."

"And how many yellow fellers?" asked Matt Gory.

"Six sailors and an officer."

"Eight, all told," mused the second mate. "Well, we ought to prove a match for 'em."

"We ought not to shed blood if it can be avoided," I said.

"True for you, Raymond; but you must remember that pirates are pirates the world over."

Slowly the small boat came closer. Watt Brown continued to watch it through the glass. Then of a sudden he gave a gasp.

"Captain Kenny!"

"What?" we ejaculated in chorus.

"The white man is Captain Kenny—and one of the men at the oars is Ah Sid!"

"What in the world are they doing among those pirates?" I asked.

"That remains to be seen. More than likely Captain Kenny has heard what the other owners of the *Dart* want to do, and he is going to

turn the craft over to those Chinamen," answered the second mate.

"Has he a right to do that?"

"I don't think he has—and whether he has or not, I'm not going to let him do it," and Watt Brown shook his head determinedly. "He's a bad egg."

"He is that," I went on. "I want to bring him to justice myself. Why, he tried to take my life!"

"We'll hold the fort, as Brown says," put in Dan. "The question is, how are we going to do it?"

"I'll show you!" cried the second mate, and snatching up one of the muskets he shot it off in the air.

As the report rolled out to sea the rowers in the small boat dropped their blades, while Captain Kenny leaped to his feet. The former commander waved his hand, as Watt Brown came into view.

"Ahoy, there!" he cried, at the top of his lungs.

For reply the second mate seized a speaking trumpet with which he had supplied himself. "Keep off!" he yelled. "Keep off, or we'll blow you and your boat to kingdom come!"

CHAPTER XXX.

A FIGHT AT LONG RANGE.

There is no doubt but that Captain Kenny was taken completely by surprise. As a matter of fact he had expected to find nobody on board or near the *Dart*, knowing that all of the Tagals of that territory had moved away to join the insurgent forces operating around Manila.

For a minute after Watt Brown had delivered his warning there was a silence, broken only by the soft lapping of the waves as they broke against the *Dart's* sides.

"What is that you say?" demanded the captain at length.

"I warn you to keep off," shouted Watt Brown. "Come closer at your peril!"

"What right have you to talk to me in this fashion, Brown?"

"A good deal of right, Captain Kenny. I have found you out, and so have others; and you are a thorough villain."

"What have you found out?"

"Found out that you were trying to defraud the other owners, for one thing."

"It aint so!" stormed the former skipper of the schooner.

"It is so."

"And you tried to take my life!" I called out, as I showed myself for the first time.

"Raymond!" he ejaculated, and for the instant he could say no more.

"I have a good body of men with me," continued Watt Brown, "and I warn you to keep off."

"The ship is mine, and I intend to have her," was the reckless return.

Captain Kenny turned to Ah Sid and spoke to the Chinaman. In return the former cook of the *Dart* interpreted his remarks for his countrymen.

A short discussion took place, and then Captain Kenny called out once more.

"We are coming on board, Brown, and the best thing you can do is to make a peaceful surrender."

"We won't surrender, and if you come ten feet nearer we'll open fire on you."

"You won't dare!"

"We will dare. Do you know who this boat belongs to?"

"She belongs to me."

"She belongs to the United States Government—or will belong to the government very soon."

"On the contrary, she belongs to the captain of yonder Chinese junk."

"Not much! Now keep off! I have warned you for the last time. If you don't—"

Watt Brown got no further. While he had been speaking Captain Kenny had drawn his pistol, and now, taking sudden aim, he let drive, the bullet clipping the second mate's forelock.

"The rascal!" I burst out, and was on the point of firing when the howitzer roared out, sending a shot cutting over the small boat's bow. A splinter planted itself in Ah Sid's shoulder and we were glad to see that unworthy Celestial squirm with pain.

The discharge of the ship's cannon alarmed the Chinamen more than all threats would have done, and catching up their oars, they turned the battered small boat about and made for the junk.

"That scared them," cried Dan.

"Can't Oi have a shot at 'em?" queried Mat Gory disappointedly.

"You may get more shots than you want before we have done with 'em," smiled Watt Brown grimly.

"You think they will come back?" said Dan.

"Most certainly Captain Kenny will be back. He's not the fellow to give up so readily."

We watched the small boat until it was out of

range, then dropped our weapons and sought shelter from the fierce rays of the setting sun. During the excitement I had forgotten about Watt Brown's packet, but now I brought it forth and handed it to him, and in as gentle a way as I could, told him of his parent's death.

"Poor father!" he murmured, and tears stood on his rough cheeks. "He was a good man, even if he was queer. I wish I could have been with him when he died."

He then proceeded to tell us something of his parent's history, how he had been first a sailor, then a doctor, and then a rover of the earth in search of adventure.

"He has been to nearly every country on the globe," he continued. "He was always wanting to see the unknown and the strange. He did not travel so much when my mother was living, but after she died he could not content himself in one place for more than six months or a year at the most. He came to Manila with me on my last trip and intended to look for a Kanaka whom he had once met in the Hawaiian Islands."

"He said the document was of great value," I answered. "I hope it proves so."

"I'll look it over the first chance I get. Now is no time to think of anything like that, since those heathens are coming our way a second time," concluded Watt Brown.

He was right about the Chinamen. The small boat had left the junk and was moving up the shore as swiftly as the oarsmen could drive it through the surf. Captain Kenny was again on board, but Ah Sid was missing.

"They are going to make for the beach and attack us from land," exclaimed Dan.

"Can't we hit him with the howitzer?" asked Matt Gory. "You are afther bein' a foine shot, Brown."

"I'll try it," answered the mate, and once again the cannon was loaded. To sight the piece was difficult, as the small boat danced up and down on the waves incessantly.

When the howitzer was touched off it was seen that the shot had passed over the small boat. That it had come close, however, was proven by the consternation on board, several of the Celestials having dropped their oars in terror.

"Missed!" muttered Watt Brown. "Try the muskets."

We at once complied, the mate firing with us. But the distance was too great for those who were not sharpshooters, and none of the bullets took effect, excepting upon the small boat.

Before the howitzer could be loaded again the party landed and, hauling the rowboat up on the sands, they ran for the shelter of the trees and rocks.

"Take the small-arms over to port," ordered Watt Brown. "They'll be coming out through the woods in less than ten minutes."

"Another boat is putting off from the junk!" exclaimed Dan, who had picked up the glasses.

"Six, seven, eight, nine men are coming over in her! And they have a small gun on board!"

"Seven and nine make sixteen," I said. "Sixteen to four are pretty big odds."

"Yis, but we are afther havin' the advantage of position," returned Matt Gory. "Brown, can't ye be afther blowin' that second boat sky-hoigh wid th' howitzer?"

"I can try," answered the second mate.

He had already reloaded the piece, and as the second small boat came closer he began to sight the gun.

"There is a flag of truce!" cried Dan, as an officer in the boat held up a white handkerchief by two of the corners.

"We don't recognize any flag of truce!" cried Watt Brown. "I'll show 'em that none o' their dirty Chinese tricks will work on me!"

And rushing around he found a big red blanket and swung it defiantly to the breeze. For several seconds the Chinamen refused to recognize the return signal, but then the white handkerchief dropped and the second small boat came to a lazy roll on the long waves.

"Watch the woods!" sang out Watt Brown.
"I'll keep these fellows at bay, never fear."

"I see some forms behind yonder trees," said Dan, a second later. "They are coming on as fast as they can, and each man has a pistol and a rifle! They mean fight!"

"Take that, ye villain!" came from Matt Gory, and taking a quick aim, he fired, and the foremost of the Celestials went down, hit in the side.

This serious shot brought the crowd under Captain Kenny to a halt, and in a twinkling all disappeared again from view.

"They are gone," said the Irish sailor.

"They'll be coming on again, soon," said the second mate. And his words proved only too true.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE WRECKING OF THE HOWITZER.

For fully five minutes the situation remained unchanged, and during that time we took the opportunity to reload the empty weapons and bring out several others that had been hidden in a secret closet of the cabin.

It must not be supposed that I had forgotten my money belt and the documents belonging to our firm. I had thought of them several times, but, as yet, had not dared to go below to see if they were safe.

Now, however, both Dan and I hurried to the stateroom which we had occupied. The door was closed, but not locked, and we entered, to find all pitch dark, the port-hole having become covered with mud.

Striking a match, we lit a lantern and proceeded to make an investigation. Trunks and lockers had been broken open, and clothing and other things lay around in confusion.

"Not a money belt in sight!" I groaned, after a search. "And the documents are gone, too!"

"We haven't looked everywhere, yet," answered Dan. "Turn over the bed mattresses."

"How could they get into the beds?" I asked. "If those rascally Tagals——"

A shout from the deck interrupted me, and dropping everything I flew through the cabin and up the companion-way stairs, with Dan behind me.

"The second boat is coming on again!" announced Watt Brown. "Watch the woods, for there may be some understanding between the two attacking parties."

"Sure an' thim rascals are coming on, too!" burst in Matt Gory. "Down, all of yez!" and he dropped flat on the deck.

We did the same, and just then a volley of rifle shots rang out, and one of the bullets tore its way through the top of Dan's straw hat, while all came alarmingly close.

"On and at them!" shouted Captain Kenny, forgetful, no doubt, that the Celestials could not understand a word. And he led the way in a rush for the ship.

By this time the second small boat was less than two hundred feet off and coming forward with all the speed that the eight sturdy oarsmen could command. The officer in the bow was at the small cannon mentioned, and at what he

deemed a favorable moment touched off the piece.

His aim was certainly a good one, for the ball hit the howitzer and sent it flying from its carriage and rolling over the deck to port. A portion of the block was splintered, and a bit of woodwork flew up and hit Watt Brown in the breast, inflicting an ugly and dangerous wound.

"Brown is killed!" burst out Dan in horror, and knelt down at his side.

"Never mind—m—e," came in a gasp from the second mate. "Repel boarders, or w—we are—lo—lost!" and then he fainted dead away.

He spoke the truth, for now the second boat was almost alongside, while Captain Kenny and his command were less than fifty feet away.

"Gory, cover the boat!" I yelled. "Dan, fire with me at the captain's crowd!" and I blazed away, and had the satisfaction of seeing another Celestial go down.

Dan followed my command and succeeded in hitting Captain Kenny in the leg. It was not a serious wound, but it made the rascal drop on his breast, uttering loud cries of pain and terror. "Don't hit me again! Don't!" he screamed, and crawled over the sands to where there was a rock, behind which he hid himself, muttering bitter imprecations at what he termed his hard luck.

The fall of their leader disconcerted the Chinamen, and again they halted. In the meantime Matt Gory had picked out the officer in the second boat and laid him low with a bullet through the chest.

"Hurrah fer Uncle Sam!" roared the Irish sailor enthusiastically. "Hurrah fer another Dewey victory!" and he discharged an additional musket and a second Celestial fell over among his companions.

But now the fighting became general and to go into all of the details would be impossible. I fired three shots and then saw three Chinamen coming up over the stern of the *Dart*, where those from shore and those from the second small boat had joined forces.

"They are coming aboard!" cried Dan. "Fire at them! Give it to them hot!" and he blazed away, and one of the Celestials fell back among his friends.

But now five of the enemy came up, firing several rounds as they advanced, and the deck became filled with smoke. Soon it was a hand-to-hand encounter, and we found ourselves gradually forced back to the companion way.

"We can't stand up against 'em!" panted Matt Gory, as he shouldered up to me with the blood streaming from a cut in his cheek. "They

are afther bein' too many for us, bad cess to 'em!"

"Let us take a final stand in the cabin," I answered. "Remember, possession is nine points of the law."

Matt Gory was willing and tumbled down the companion way, followed by Dan and myself. As we burst into the cabin we shut the door behind us and locked it.

The Celestials were now baffled for the moment and we heard them running around the deck, speculating upon what they had best do next. We used this time to barricade the door and to reload our pistols, our guns having been left behind us.

Soon came a hammering and a demand in Chinese, probably to open the door. For an answer, Matt Gory stepped close, and before we could stop him, fired a shot through a panel. A yell of pain followed, and we heard the staggering footsteps of the wounded man as he hurried on deck again.

"That was a bad move, Matt," I said. "They'll do something awful in revenge; you see if they don't!"

"I couldn't hilp it, the ould Nick take 'em!" was the reply. "If thim haythins oncet gain—hark, phat's that!"

A loud booming of a big cannon over the

waters had reached all of our ears. We listened intently and presently another report followed.

"It is a shot from a man-o'-war!" I burst out.
"If it's an American ship we are saved!"

"Perhaps it is the *Concord*!" came from Dan.
"Don't you remember what Watt Brown said?"

"Yes; but could she come in here?"

"There would be no need. She has that Chinese junk at her mercy."

"Sure an' if it's wan of our warships we must be afther flyin' a signal of distress!" exclaimed Matt Gory.

"That is true, Matt; but how can we do it?"

"Here is a flag," answered Dan, hauling it from the case in the closet. "If we can get that up——"

"Oi'll put it up!" cried the Irishman, who was too excited to even think of the danger. "Here goes!" and he hurried to a passageway leading through to the forecastle.

I could not resist the temptation to follow him, and Dan did the same. We entered the forecastle to find it as much disordered as our stateroom had been, for the Tagals had used it as a shelter during their brief stay on the *Dart*.

"Now to get up the mast unobserved!" whispered the Irish sailor, and moving cautiously out upon the forward deck, he started to carry out his design, the flag under his arm.

He had taken less than a dozen steps when there came a Chinese yell and the crack of a rifle, and poor Gory pitched headlong. A rush to the fore-castle followed.

"Back, Dan, it's our only chance," I cried. "They won't grant us any mercy if they catch us!" and we flew back into the passageway and to the cabin, locking the second door and barricading it like the first.

The Chinamen followed us along the passage and we heard them pounding on the doors for several seconds. But then came a call from the deck and the dull booming of the cannon we had before heard.

"That shooting means something," said Dan. "Oh if only the *Concord* has arrived!"

"With Tom Dawson and the rest of our friends on board!" I added.

The rush of footsteps on the deck continued, and we heard several Celestials in earnest consultation.

"They are up to something," whispered Dan. "Poor Brown! I wonder if he and Matt Gory are dead?"

"Captain Kenny will have much to answer for," I answered. "He is responsible for the whole muss."

We waited for a few minutes more. Then came another rush of footsteps and we heard the

Chinamen leaving the *Dart* by the side nearest to shore.

“They are going to take to the woods!” yelled Dan. “Hurrah! the battle is ours!” And he started to unlock the cabin door leading to the companion way.

CHAPTER XXXII.

GOOD-BY TO THE PHILIPPINES.

"We must be careful," I said to my chum, as he began to mount the steps. "Remember poor Gory's rashness."

"I'll be careful enough," he replied, and peered over the combing to see if the coast was clear.

To his gratification every Celestial had fled, taking the wounded along.

"They are gone, Oliver!"

"I'm glad of it," I said, and scrambled out on the deck with him. "What of the junk?"

"She is making up the coast with all speed. And there is a warship, true enough!"

"We can fly that flag of distress now," I continued, and ran back for the article. Soon I was on my way to the top, where I placed the glorious Stars and Stripes with the Stars downward.

A shot from the warship told us that our signal was seen, and through the glasses we saw a boat put off in command of one of the officers. Feeling that we were now safe I turned my attention to Watt Brown, while Dan went to look after Matt Gory.

I found the second mate lying close to where he had fallen. He was now conscious, but it was easy to see that death was hovering close to his soul. He tried to smile as I took his hand, but the effort was a failure.

"We whipped 'em," he gasped. "I'm glad—of—it."

"You had better not talk, Brown," I returned. "You are too weak. Let me bind up your wounds and give you a drink of something."

"It aint no use, Raymond, I'm knocked out and I know it. But we whipped 'em," and he tried to smile again. A second later he fainted once more.

I bound up his wound and tried to force some liquor down his throat. I was in the midst of these labors when the small boat from the warship came alongside and the officer and several others hurried to the deck.

"Tom Dawson!" I cried joyfully, and caught the first mate by the hand.

"Poor Brown!" were his first words. "Is it serious?" and as I nodded in the affirmative he looked very sober.

It took some little time to explain the situation and hear what the officer from the *Concord* and Tom Dawson had to say, and in the meantime Watt Brown and Matt Gory were taken below and made as comfortable as circumstances permitted. There was hope for the Irish sailor,

but none for poor Watt Brown, much to the sorrow of all of us, for everyone loved the open-hearted second mate.

Soon a second boatload of sailors came to the *Dart* and I was asked to go ashore with them, to point out the direction the fleeing Celestials had taken. I went, and at the rock came upon Captain Kenny's body, terribly mutilated by knife-cuts. The Chinamen had fallen upon him, and in their rage over the failure of the expedition had literally hacked him to death. We buried him where he had fallen.

The search for the fleeing pirates, for I can call them nothing less, lasted far into the night, but availed nothing. At last I returned to the *Dart*, utterly fagged out. A surgeon had been sent for and he was attending the wounded ones, and I asked him about both.

"The Irish sailor will live," was the answer, "but Brown is mortally wounded."

On the *Concord* were the two men who had owned the *Dart* in company with Captain Kenny. Their stock in the craft was in the majority, and they turned her over to the government, Uncle Sam to keep the money which was coming to the late captain's heirs, until it was properly claimed.

Our tales were listened to with keen interest the next day by the warm-hearted commander of the *Concord*.

"We will do our best for you," he said to Dan and me. "I imagine you have nothing to fear so long as you are on board with me."

Watt Brown's death occurred the following afternoon and was a most affecting scene. He and I had got to know each other pretty well since we had been cast ashore, and he called me to him before he breathed his last.

"Good-by to you, Raymond," he whispered. "I am alone in the world, and that being so I leave my father's legacy to you. It relates to a treasure said to be buried somewhere on the Hawaiian Islands. I hope you find it. Good-by," and he died in my arms as peacefully as a child. They buried him on the shore, and I nailed together a rude cross for a headstone.

During the day following I made another search of the stateroom and the cabin in quest of my missing money belt and the documents belonging to Raymond, Holbrook & Smith. For a long while I discovered nothing, but at last I turned over some clothing lying in an out-of-the-way corner, and there the articles lay revealed, along with Dan's pocketbook and belt and a number of other things of lesser importance.

"They are found at last!" I cried, and a great weight was lifted from my shoulders. "Now let those Spaniards confiscate that land in Manila if they dare!"

"It was worth coming to the *Dart* after all," smiled Dan. "Our mission is now ended."

And he spoke the truth.

Here I think I can properly bring to a close my tale of adventures while serving in the navy and battling for my rights in the Philippines.

The *Dart* was turned over to the government as before mentioned, and the proper parties raised and repaired her and gave her an equipment for coast service.

How Manila fell into the hands of Uncle Sam at last is a matter of history. Dan, I, and several of our old friends were present when this event occurred, and at the first opportunity my chum and I went ashore to learn how Harry Longley was faring.

We found him sitting up and glad to learn that everything had turned out so well. With the United States authorities in the city to protect him, Longley unearthed the money belonging to our firm and placed it in the safe, along with the documents I had rescued. To-day business is booming with Raymond, Holbrook & Smith, and no more is heard of disputing our claim to the land upon which our offices in Manila stand.

As soon as we could do so, we sent a cable-gram to Mr. Holbrook, telling him of what had occurred. Later on we took passage back to Hong Kong on the *Starlight*, in company with

Tom Dawson and several other of our friends, including Matt Gory, who was now almost well.

Both Dan and I had seen enough of war, and instead of thinking about going back to the Philippines, I took passage on a steamer for San Francisco, and Dan accompanied me.

When I reached the Golden Gate I found that my father was still in Cuba, and with the war going on, I grew very anxious concerning him. But, as my friends who have read "When Santiago Fell" know, he escaped from grave perils without injury, and he soon came on to the West, followed, a month later, by Mark Carter, a first-rate young fellow who had shared his adventures. Mark, Dan, and I soon became warm friends, and it was while making a tour of California that we concocted a plan for going to the Hawaiian Islands, so recently annexed to the United States, in quest of the treasure mentioned in the strange document left by Watt Brown's father. What our future adventures were Mark will tell, in another volume, to be called "Off for Hawaii; Or, The Mystery of a Great Volcano."

And now let me say good-by, kind reader, with the hope that if you ever have such stirring adventures as have fallen to my lot, they will end in equal good fortune.

